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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Government has had another defeat on a major Bill, but the waterlogged vessel continues to drift aimlessly through the Parliamentary cross-currents. The Liberal Chief Whip has again resigned, thanks to the latest split in that party, and the crisis of Liberalism has once again come to a head.

Conversations are now proceeding for Mr. Lloyd George to guarantee to keep the Government in office for a stated period of one year, or

possibly two. It is difficult to see what the guarantee is worth, when half his followers may repudiate it at any moment. But if it is given, and proves operative, it will completely destroy the Liberal Party at the next election.

Apart from this the main political interest of the week has lain in the by-election at St. George's, Westminster. The independent and the official Conservative candidate have both been overshadowed by the heavy artillery of Press and party interest, which have led Mr. Baldwin and Lord Rothermere into charges and counter-charges against each other.

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These matters are, strictly speaking, irrelevant to the actual issue, and more than one voter in the constituency has expressed to me his resentment at the submergence of political principle in personal feud. If only Mr. Baldwin would attack the Government in the vigorous way that he attacks the "Press Lords" and those who happen to support them—who are all at least agreed with him on main issues—Labour would be out in a month.

When these eminent but slightly excited publicists go on to speak of "a menace to our treasured political institutions which it would be impossible to overstate," they have obviously let their combined emotions get the better of their joint intellects. National danger is, after all, a big word, and I for one can hardly regard the Press, popular or unpopular, as being a new submarine menace to torpedo our culture and civilization.

Let us at least try to keep our sense of proportion. The public, as I see it, is not impressed by these excursions and alarms of lowbrow Goliaths and highbrow Davids; it takes the whole thing with a pinch of salt and smiles inwardly at a personal quarrel which it perfectly well understands. If anything is likely to be damaged in the affray, it is the reputation of the Press for sanity, not the morals of the public.

I have, I hope, every respect for my excellent colleagues, the editors of the other weekly reviews, who have broadcast a circular letter on the notorious by-election; but the actual document fails to impress. They affirm their "sense of the national danger of the abuse of the power of the Press involved in the recent encroachments of the newspaper proprietors upon the political field." This cumbrous sentence, which shows what editors can do with the English language when they are not, like other mortals, sub-edited, seems to me at least as gross an exaggeration as any of the distortions and suppressions which the manifesto condemns.

Australia has good reason at this moment to thank her stars she possesses Second Chambers. Mr. Scullin, on a Vote of Censure, escaped defeat by a majority of five. He has disgusted both his right and his left wings. No one imagines he can carry on much longer, but he may avoid reverse in the House of Representatives. Mr. Theodore is going ahead with his inflation scheme, which the banks will not endorse. In New South Wales, Mr. Lang is proposing to make the State one vast trade union, and Capital, like the Riverina, is seeking a way of escape from his tentacles. But here again the hope rests in the Second Chamber. In both Commonwealth and State, an appeal to the electorate, it is profoundly hoped, may be made before irreparable mischief has been done.

Those who know Latin America best were most pleased with that passage in the speech of the Prince of Wales at Buenos Aires which referred to the cultural relations between this country and the Spanish world. It was a happy thought to make this particular reference, especially in view

of the criticism which has been made that the Exhibition is perhaps somewhat too purely materialistic in its appeal.

English people are a little inclined to forget that other nations do not necessarily despise the affairs of the intellect to the same extent that they do themselves, and our European rivals in the field of commerce never neglect to trade their cultural wares on all and every occasion. In these circumstances it behoves us to do likewise, and I hope that the Prince's advice will be taken by those concerned.

The more closely the Franco-Italian naval agreement is examined the more provisional does it appear, and this aspect of it is, I notice, being stressed by the French Press. It has, of course, long been clear to all save Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues that naval questions can no longer be separated from military and political ones, and the London Conference of last year failed because it had too narrow a basis.

On the other hand, the whole subject is to be reviewed at the Disarmament Conference next February, and in these circumstances I fail to understand why the French are laying such emphasis on the naval conference of 1936. Does this mean that the Quai d'Orsay expects failure next year, and is already discounting that event in advance? I agree that Germany and Spain must be at the next conference, as the *Temps* suggests, but they will be at Geneva in 1932, so why this insistence upon their presence in 1936? It is all rather puzzling.

Meanwhile, negotiations are apparently to be resumed, on the initiative of Paris, for a settlement of Franco-Italian political differences, and the result will be awaited with interest. The question of the Libyan frontiers should not prove unduly difficult, but that of the status of Italian nationals in Tunis will be the real stumbling-block, and if another deadlock ensues it will be because of this problem.

It is difficult to believe the report that the Vatican has objected to the Archbishop of Canterbury making a visit to Palestine. As a British subject on a convalescent tour, the Archbishop is, I presume, permitted to go where he likes. No spot on earth is so likely to attract a Christian at Easter, and more particularly a high ecclesiastic, as the Holy Land; and as we should certainly not object to the Pope going to Jerusalem, it seems incredible that the Pope should object to the Archbishop going.

It is rather astonishing to see Miss Ethel Mannin laying down, as a general proposition without qualification, that "fundamentally men have better brains" than women. I agree with her further point that, generally speaking, men work harder than women (an exception might perhaps be made for hospital nurses), but the first statement is rather a tall order.

Every physiologist knows, of course, that a man's brain is larger than a woman's; the same holds good of every free animal that has to go out



and hunt for its dinner as against the domesticated animal that has its dinner put under its nose. Intellect is primarily an *ad hoc* method of getting fed; and the truth is that the angel in the house, who owes some of her angelic qualities to being removed from the outdoor battle of life, never works her brain to capacity, because there is no need for her to do so. (After all, few men stretch their brains to the point of mental breakdown.)

That, however, is simply a matter of use which a different environment would cure; but although I am no feminist, I should doubt whether a woman's brain is "fundamentally" better or worse than a man's. The real difference seems to me to lie in the fact that a woman is apt to take a narrower and more personal view, whereas a man keeps more of an eye on general principles.

Very often the woman scores by ignoring general principles, which may happen to be irrelevant to the particular case in hand; but experience shows that the advantage in the long run rests with those who take the larger view. As a general rule, however, I should have said that the average woman is mentally as capable as the average man; but it is only the exceptional woman, like the exceptional man, who thinks the game worth the candle.

It is right and proper that the Church of England should make ready to celebrate the centenary of the Oxford Movement, with fitting solemnity, for the Church owes much to the "Puseyites," "Newmaniacs," and "Tractarian moths who fluttered round the Roman candle" as *Punch* called the leaders of the party that rebelled against the Erastian Evangelical dominance of the Regency. As a matter of history, of course, it was neither Pusey nor Newman who started the movement, but John Keble, with his famous sermon on national apostasy on July 14, 1833—and it is on the anniversary of this date that the centenary should be celebrated.

"I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement," wrote one of them years after, while Dean Church agreed that "Keble gave the inspiration, [Hurrell] Froude the impetus, then Newman took up the work." This, and not the famous meeting in Hadleigh Rectory that same summer, was the true beginning of the ecclesiastical revolt against the Whig doctrines of reform, and incidentally against the rationalism that Pusey considered a greater danger than Rome.

Looking back over the century of struggle and mingled achievement and failure that has elapsed, the strength of the Oxford Movement has obviously lain in its real power of revitalizing an institution that was in some danger of becoming a mere ecclesiastical branch of the civil service. The doctrine of apostolic succession, which Newman admitted was then "practically obsolete," and which few laymen can be persuaded to take much more seriously now than they did then, has in fact had a very considerable influence on the attitude of the clergy towards their office; and this has on the whole raised the standard of service in the Church.

The weak side of the movement, seen historically in perspective, is that it was always mainly counter-revolutionary; and those who turn their faces frankly towards the past as their ideal, must necessarily turn their backs on the future. It was typical of the spirit of the movement that its founder Keble resented the visit of Faraday and others to Oxford as that of a "hotchpotch of scientists," and broadly speaking, the sympathies of the Oxford Movement have throughout been medieval rather than modern. For that reason it has always been ecclesiastical rather than national in scope and influence.

I am probably not alone in finding it difficult to follow our astronomers when they try to become popular. Sir James Jeans, for example, is reasonably lucid in his own field of higher mathematics, but as a writer in one syllable for the masses in 'The Stars in their Course,' he is almost as obscure and mysterious as the universe which he essays to explain.

He maintains, for example, that space is limited, but yet that the universe is falling apart and spacing itself out as it disintegrates. (It would have been fair, I think, to have given some indication to the ignorant masses that there are other facts which have led some reputable scientists to hold that so far from disintegration, creation is still going on.) But in that case space seems to be taking unto itself what the ladies, I understand, call the "middle-age spread."

Four or five years ago Sir James Jeans estimated it at about a million light-years across. Now it has increased to some 500,000 million light-years in circumference, and this performance of the cosmos, like the cinema, appears to be continuous, for a broad hint is given in the concluding pages that still better telescopes will show us that it is larger still.

The truth is, I suspect, that Sir James Jeans is beginning to find himself a little embarrassed by the Einstein doctrine of the finity of space. He clings loyally enough to the theory, in the brave way that a gentleman does to the mistress who is perpetually fooling him, but the truth is that the lady is nothing but a flirt.

Space that expands in this ridiculous fashion may still be finite by the card, but it is getting uncommonly near infinity, and sooner or later the fact will have to be recognized. What is finite is the amount of matter or mass-motion that exists in space, but space itself is infinite. In other words, the cosmos is finite, but the universe is infinite.

I have received, and read with interest, the first number of a new magazine—'The Young Conservatives' Union Review.' The foreword, with somewhat unnecessary modesty, disarms criticism by pleading that "some of the articles may seem a trifle immature," but this is not noticeably apparent, and one of the contributions—'An Impression of Russia'—strikes me as far more sensible, and nearer to the truth about Russia as I once knew it, than most of the "rubbish from Riga" that appears in the daily Press.

## GOVERNMENT BY FALSE PRETENCES

ON Monday night last the Government was beaten in the House of Commons for the sixth time since it took office, and for the fourth this year. On previous occasions when misfortune has overtaken him, the Prime Minister has consoled himself with public reflections upon the wickedness of "snap-divisions," and doubtless also with private maledictions on the untrustworthiness of his Liberal allies, but this week he has no such excuse. He was beaten fairly and squarely because he insisted, in fulfilment of his undisclosed bargain with Mr. Lloyd George, on sponsoring a measure which was not acceptable to a large section of his ordinary supporters, and to show their resentment these latter left him to his fate. There has never been any doubt about the attitude of the Conservative Opposition towards the Government; the recent by-elections have testified to its growing unpopularity in the country; and this latest blow to what it no doubt still likes to call its reputation, has been delivered by the rank-and-file of the Labour Party. If there be any further depths of ignominy to which Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues have yet to sink, we confess we are at a loss to imagine what these may be.

The three major measures, the Education Bill, the Trade Disputes Bill, and the Electoral Reform Bill, which were to be the crowning glory of the present session, have all suffered shipwreck; the Naval Pact, which was to prove the superiority of Socialist diplomacy over all other, turns out to be merely a temporary arrangement, by no means entirely satisfactory so far as this country is concerned; and the Round Table Conference, that was to have brought peace to India, seems destined to bring nothing but another conference in its train. In effect, the only solid achievements that can be placed to the credit of the existing administration, are the doubling of the number of the unemployed (always a pleasant jest for Mr. Thomas) and the flight of capital from the British Isles. If ever there was a Government of false pretences it is the present. It pretended to have a cure for unemployment; it pretended to be able to solve the problem of naval disarmament; and it pretended to have a

solution for the Indian Question. Now the hollowness of these pretences has been exposed, and that by its own followers, who abandoned it to its fate the other night.

In such circumstances, any ordinary administration would have resigned, but every day that passes goes to show that this is no ordinary administration. Mr. MacDonald's appetite for office grows by what it feeds upon, and we tremble to think of the nature and magnitude of the crisis that will drive him once more to seek the opinion of his fellow-countrymen at the polls. Week after week he clings to office without power, apparently for no other reason than that he may make peers out of one-time potmen, and parade his colleagues before the eyes of an admiring Continent as the apostles of peace. Yet, were this all, and were the Prime Minister honest enough to confess that he prefers Downing Street to Hampstead, it would not be so bad, for the country has survived equally incompetent statesmen in the past, but the methods by which he hopes to attain his ends are damaging to every national interest. At the very moment when firmness is required above all else, we are threatened with another spate of national and international conferences, and all in order that a Cabinet of incompetents may draw their salaries for a few months more.

The duty of the Opposition is to turn the Government out, which we venture to think it would have done long ago had it devoted as much energy to that as it has wasted on internal feuds. It is stated that old Cameron of Lochiel, when he witnessed Mar's incompetent generalship at Sherrifmuir, called for one hour of Dundee. So do we call out for one hour, not of Pitt or Disraeli, but of George Younger. That incomparable strategist would have seen to it that the Conservative Party did not dissipate its strength in internecine feuds, but marched against the enemy that was in front. The Government is beaten, and it knows the fact, and an administration in its position is as much a menace to the prosperity of the country as a derelict ship upon the high seas is a danger to others. In both cases it is better destroyed.

## LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG

INTERESTING revelations concerning the Round Table Conference have been made in a series of letters written to the *Retford Times*, by Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, M.P., for the constituency in which these two papers circulate. Having been attached in some semi-official capacity to the Lord Chancellor and to his father, the Prime Minister, he naturally enjoyed opportunities of acquiring inside information which make his revelations of special interest and of more doubtful propriety.

Mr. MacDonald for the first time states authoritatively that:

the Conservative and Liberal delegates . . . tried during the first few days of the Conference to persuade the Government to state at once clearly to the

Indian delegates that they could hold out no prospect of Dominion status for India in the near future. In urging this Lord Peel and Lord Reading merely wanted to be honest with the Indians, and not to risk detaining them here on false pretences. But the proceeding they advised would have smashed the Conference and would indeed have made impossible the large concessions to the Indians which Lord Peel and Lord Reading, on behalf of their respective parties, as well as the Government, announced in the closing stages of the Conference.

There is nothing surprising in the substance of that paragraph, but that the statement should be made at all is astonishing. It is difficult to see how consultations can take place between the opposition parties and the Government, when there is no guarantee against unauthorized publication of such



individual transactions as tend to show the wisdom of the Government and the shortsightedness of the Liberals and Conservatives.

The private requests of the Indian delegates are likewise revealed to the world :

The Government had the opposite kind of difficulty with the Indian delegates. Some of the most important of these also called for an early statement of policy by the Government. The most helpful of them was actually threatening at one time to return to India forthwith if the Prime Minister did not pronounce in favour of Dominion Status for India within a few days of the Conference's opening. He had to be told that any such statement so early would probably wreck the Conference by dragging the Liberals and Conservatives into open opposition before they had been converted to so radical an idea. By hook or by crook the Government avoided the danger of a premature disclosure of its plans.

"By crook" apparently the Government attained its end. Time and time again it was solemnly declared that the Government was maintaining a completely open mind upon all the issues before the Conference. This declaration the Liberals and Conservatives presumably believed. We now have it from Mr. Malcolm MacDonald that the Government's mind was already made up :

The Government resisted this early advice of the Conservatives and Liberals . . . because they were determined anyway to grant Indians a considerable measure of responsibility in their Central Government.

How accurate was [the Government's] calculation of what would be the ultimate conclusions of the

Conference, and of what policy it would finally be able to announce with the approval of all delegations, is illustrated by an interesting fact. The drafting of the Prime Minister's concluding statement of the Government's policy, actually delivered on January 19th, was already in hand before Christmas. The text of the statement was completed during two all-day conferences between the Prime Minister and his principal Government advisers, which I attended at Chequers on December 27th and 28th. This was several days before the Conference itself began to consider the all-important custom of Indian responsibility in the Central Government. It was before the Indians themselves had stated their ideas in detail, before Lord Reading had made his famous speech announcing the Liberal Party's support of the Indian claims, and before the Conservative's definition of their policy. Yet only minor alterations had to be made in the Government's statement as a result of these events following its original drafting. So much for the tactics of the Government.

This record of secret diplomacy and of persistent duplicity is embellished by the complacent self-satisfaction of the writer. The idea that the Federal Structure sub-committee of the Conference was kept sitting for three weeks, when the outcome had already been decided upon by the Government, will no doubt be gratifying to the Liberal and Conservative statesmen, who were unwitting actors in what now seems to have been a solemn pantomime. That these revelations should be casually made so soon after the Conference in letters to the papers written by the Prime Minister's son will, no doubt, enhance their satisfaction.

## CAMOUFLAGED NATIONALIZATION

THE Government Bill, born last week after prolonged gestation, for concentrating the ownership and operation of the Tubes and other underground railways, and the omnibus and tramway services in the Metropolitan area, under public ownership and control, is in the main on anticipated lines. It must primarily be judged from two aspects, neither of which can properly be estimated for the moment. These are : will the new Passenger Transport Board serve the public as well as the present agencies, who have given London the best service in the world ; and will equity be maintained in the terms of purchase offered to the proprietors of the existing undertakings ?

Before we discuss these matters, it is desirable to emphasize a point that seems to have escaped general consideration, namely, that the Government proposals embody a revolutionary scheme to which there is no parallel. That the capital invested in the undertakings to be acquired by the Board represents about one-eighth of that of the four main railway groups, and that the population of the area to be served is roughly a sixth of that of the whole country, merely indicates the magnitude of the scheme. What is much more important is that the Government propose a camouflaged form of nationalization, that the scheme embodies a cast-iron monopoly under bureaucratic control, and that in no city has the experiment yet been made of unifying almost every form of transport, so as to eliminate that competition which general experience shows to be so much more beneficial to the community than a monopoly, in whomsoever it may be invested. Incidentally, this thinly dis-

guised nationalization of the London transport services may well prove a half-way house to the nationalization of the main lines, which has in any event been facilitated by grouping.

The new Transport Board is to be administered by five members. There is a saving clause that none of these is to be a Member of Parliament, but as the real, if unofficial, head of the Board will be the Minister of Transport for the time being, this self-denying ordinance appears to be of less practical value than it may seem in theory. In point of fact, the entire control of traffic within the Metropolitan area will be vested in a Government department which, by virtue of existing legislation, is already largely above Parliamentary control.

In regard to finance, the Bill, which will no doubt undergo considerable modification in committee, is ambiguous. An Arbitration Board is to be set up to decide the terms on which the existing undertakings—some eighty in number—are to be transferred to the new authority. So far as concerns municipal tramways, the proposed procedure seems equitable enough, since the Board will assume responsibility for interest payment on existing loans, together with sinking fund and redemption. But the bulk of the capital is represented by private undertakings, who have, moreover, almost a monopoly in the most congested central areas. It is proposed in their case that the Arbitration Tribunal shall pay special regard to the average net earnings for the three years prior to the passing of the Act, and to the probability that those earnings would have been continued if the Act had

not been passed. In its present form, the latter provision is far too vague to afford any real protection to shareholders. A very large proportion of the capital invested in the provision of London transport facilities has been found since the Armistice. This applies more particularly to the Tubes, but is also true in the case of omnibus undertakings. It is an axiom of railway administration that capital outlay should not be expected to fructify before the expiry of a considerable number of years, a fact for which specific allowance was made in the 1921 Act that brought about the grouping of the main railway systems, and much recent expenditure on Tube railway extensions, including the outlay on new lines now under construction, would never have been undertaken unless the promoters had been prepared to wait for a reasonable return on their money until several years after the completion of the works. Obviously no terms for the acquisition of the London underground railways will be equitable unless they include a proper allowance for the future increased earning capacity of the system as a whole. Such allowance for prospects was made under the financial terms of railway grouping, but there is nothing in the wording of the London Passenger Transport Bill to suggest that the Arbitration Tribunal need take into account anything more than the continuance of existing earnings. Allowance for prospects was also made when the privately owned telegraph services were taken over by the State, and the precedent should be followed.

Another aspect of the question seems largely to have escaped attention. A clause in the Bill empowers the Board to provide public road services within the London Traffic Area "and on any road outside that area." That, in itself, would seem to enable the new authority to operate from Cornwall to Carlisle. When we come to the first schedule of the Bill, which sets out the undertakings to be acquired, we find that they include companies which own, control, or have extensive shareholdings in concerns operating road services not merely in the London area, but also in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Cambridgeshire, Essex, Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire, Dorset, Hants, Notts, East Anglia, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Wales, and Scotland. It is by no means clear what is to happen to these undertakings. Under present conditions of company finance, control of an undertaking exercised through the ownership of a relatively small proportion of the capital is, to all intents and purposes, real ownership so far as concerns policy and administration. If the new London Passenger Transport Board has no desire to be associated with the working of road services throughout the greater part of the country, which are to-day controlled by undertakings that it is acquiring, a considerable amount of financial unscrambling and reorganization seems indicated. Should this materialize, it may be all to the good, since the growth in recent years of interlocking directorates and inter-company interests in road transport has produced an excessively complicated structure that would be all the better for simplification. Since there is no hint in the Bill of the future of the numerous undertakings indirectly concerned, which incidentally make up the bulk of the important provincial road services, it seems desirable that the Ministry of Transport should lose no time in clearing up this important matter.

## OUR POLITICAL MASTERS

By R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

A NOTE of idealism stole into the House of Commons debate on the University franchise. One pictured six hundred ordinary, factious, unredeemed politicians, and among them twelve grave men, the ideal representatives of the seats of learning. One saw them as an apostolic twelve, haloed sages, strangely set down in the motley assembly of the House of Commons—men with pure, luminous eyes comprehending all the ages, intent on the eternal verities, aloof, dispassionate, regarding without a shadow of prejudice the all too contemporary little problems which distract Parliamentarians. If such were the representatives of the Universities, surely a House of Commons worth its salt, having debated any issue of tariffs, or coal quotas, or doles, would be content to leave the decision to the judicial arbitrament of the twelve.

It may come to that, perhaps, a thousand years hence. But that is not the way it works out at present. The twelve are not conspicuously grave, nor are they regarded with superstitious awe. They are not particularly aloof from their fellows, and they do not always vote in the same lobby. The seats of learning have not so much penetrated the House of Commons as politics, for the purpose of University elections, has penetrated the seats of learning; and this in spite of the fact that the average politician is attracted by the idea of having in Parliament a number of men of learning elected by men of learning. But these lofty sentiments cannot be expected to count for much in an assembly preoccupied with party affairs and the fortunes of commoner elections. The problem of squaring tolerable legislation with the working of modern democracy is so vast a one that any element of disinterested wisdom and knowledge, which University representation might be expected to contribute, seems a drop in the bucket.

For the politicians themselves know better than anyone that the democratic system as a whole is not working out according to plan. If we had a perfectly representative system, few of the present Members of Parliament would have a place in it. We should have instead a considerable number of footballers, a prize-fighter or two, some actors and actresses, writers of detective stories and love romances, and film stars, including, if available, Mr. Charlie Chaplin. (Mr. Chaplin's mature judgment on British politics was recently made known to the public through the popular Press.) But we have no such representative assembly. No steps are taken to find out what subjects the mass of the people are really interested in, or what they would like done about them, or, as a consequence, what acceptable candidates should be nominated fitted to carry out the popular will. On the contrary, all the issues that are to be put before them are decided by a few professional politicians, and none others have any chance of being effectively raised; and the only candidates for whom votes can be given in any given constituency are two, or three, or possibly four nominated persons, each appointed by a party caucus, or by a small group of autocratic local politicians.

It used to be assumed that by extending the franchise and enlarging the electorate the ideal of democracy would be brought nearer. But no intelligent observer can deceive himself into thinking that that is how it is working out at present. In view of the fact that the mass of the people know nothing about the intricate economic and administrative problems with which governments have to deal, the larger the electorate the bigger the proportion of voters who understand next to nothing of the questions on which



they are supposed to vote. Moreover, the vast size of the constituencies makes it more difficult than ever for any candidate to state his real case to more than a small fraction of the electorate. The majority of electors vote automatically with that political group with which they have become vaguely associated through the influence of custom, social environment, and the careful spade-work of local propagandists. The rest, who decide the fate of elections, are the prey of the skilled sporting electioneer; they are caught by the most specious catch-word, or by the attractiveness of the bribe with which every party has to decorate its programme.

I am not suggesting that we should go back on the present system of universal suffrage. It is too late to contemplate any such movement, nor would it be desirable, if possible. What Mr. Shaw has called "the sensation of self-government" is a psychological factor which increases self-confidence in a nation and puts the fear of God in politicians. Moreover, there is an ultimate remedy in the better education of the masses. But that is a distant hope. If it were all, the country might destroy itself by demagogism before the medicine had begun to work.

We must look for a nearer remedy. It is more practicable to educate the few than to educate the many. The remedy depends on the frank recognition of the fact that the country is still, as it always has been, governed by a few people—a few thousands, perhaps, now, where once there were a few hundreds. These people consist of several kinds. They include the experts, who provide information which others use. They include philosophers and social thinkers, who provide ideas. And they include those active, industrious, strong-willed, articulate people who assimilate the facts and ideas imparted by others, and construe them into plans of action. The opinions formed by these few thousand people are given out to the world through innumerable channels of publicity—the Press, the platform, the pulpit, the theatre, and especially by daily talk—and they are echoed in the minds of the multitude, and come to be called "public opinion." And it is much better that they should be thus echoed in the minds of the public than that they should be forced on them, for then there is acquiescence and peace, instead of disgruntlement and revolution.

The reason why the increasing practice of demagoguery has not yet led to national disaster is that civilization has had, on the whole, a beneficent effect on the governing few. The strong-willed, articulate people are in the main decent people, who are open to the civilized influences of our time, including that of the available knowledge of our time. They tend to include more and more people of every class, and, so far as this is the case, their ideas are such as can be echoed in the minds of people of every class. What is wanted in public life is more application of knowledge and ideas. It is here that the Universities may play a part. They may attract, by scholarships and other means, more clever members of the working classes to their colleges. They may stimulate, among all their alumni, a keener sense of the part played by informed persons in the working of "democracy." The old saying about "educating our masters" is still applicable, but is applicable first, not to the masses who vote, but to the few who rule the masses by their powerful personalities. Most politicians hate the necessity of election dog-fights. They could avoid much of the unsavouriness if they could cultivate a Samurai spirit among themselves, with a code of political honour which forbade political bribes, and the use of arguments in an election which speakers would be ashamed to use among their friends. Nobody knows better than the politicians that democracy is being discredited by demagoguery. They have the remedy in their hands, if they—and the few who help to influence them—could combine to apply it.

## REFORM OF THE LORDS: A PRACTICAL PLAN

By JOHN BOYD-CARPENTER

LECTORAL reform has been brought somewhat unnecessarily into the forefront of politics; but meanwhile the far more urgent matter of the reform of the House of Lords has been ignored. Twenty years ago Mr. Asquith, who never believed that the Parliament Act constituted a final settlement, declared that this was a matter that brooked no delay. Since then the rise of the three-party system has increased the need for an effective Second Chamber, while the House of Lords' two recent disagreements with the House of Commons have gone far to demonstrate its value. But it is significant that while the Upper House has both preserved a valuable industry and done a great deal towards averting a coal strike, it has only insisted on its point of view in questions on which the House of Commons took its decision by very small majorities; in fact, by majorities which owed their existence to the absence, unpaired, of certain members of Parliament.

### I

The weakness of the present House of Lords lies not in its constitutional position, but in its composition. It is obviously out of the question for a body in which generally fifty men—themselves mostly ministers or former members of the House of Commons—carry on the work of more than seven hundred to resist the will of an active body of six hundred politicians. It is offensive to people of ordinary opinions to see the "backwoodsmen" peers, men without experience or knowledge of public life, brought up on some great occasion to decide on some measure of real national importance. It is offensive to democratic sentiment of the best type to allow seven hundred men selected by the lottery of birth, co-equal power, even in theory, with the elected representatives of the people. Such seven hundred men, as any body of that size must do, number among them a few black sheep who bring discredit upon the whole order, and whose failings receive a publicity denied to more humble sinners.

Therefore, any attempt to strengthen the House of Lords must involve radical changes in its personnel. The ideal Second Chamber should contain men experienced in every human activity; the elder statesmen, the retired proconsuls, the captains of industry, the masters of finance, the former heads of the services, the great lawyers, men of influence and repute, who could discuss public affairs in an atmosphere relatively free from party feeling, and entirely free from that fear of losing his seat which must affect the most sincere member of the House of Commons. Knowledge would play the part which passion plays in the Commons, and the Lower House would hesitate to challenge a decision given by a body which would command such great respect.

This is idealistic, and the next problem is to discover the means to such an end. As in England changes take place within the façade of existing institutions rather than by the continental method of bombarding them from without, it would be as well to preserve some traces of the hereditary principle. And as the peers contain among them many who should be members of the reformed House, the peers might elect one hundred of their order to the new Upper House.

This hundred would be elected by the seven hundred peers, contemporaneously with each general election, to the House of Commons, and vacancies caused by death might be filled up at once by by-elections. It might be deemed advisable to reserve five seats for both the Scottish and Irish peers; but it is probable that whatever method of election was adopted, adequate representation would be secured to them by the personal eminence of some of their number.

## II

Another hundred seats might be filled up as they became vacant by the government of the day; members so chosen would sit for life, and even if, as is probable, party motives accounted for the government's choice, in a few years the political colour of the peers so selected would merely reflect the relative lengths of the periods of office enjoyed by the different parties; which would add a faintly democratic flavour to the Upper House, and help to keep it in touch with the general trend of public opinion, without being affected by temporary ebullitions of political feeling.

A further twenty-five places would be at the disposal of the government of the day during its tenure of office; the government would thus, in any circumstances, be able to find men to speak for it in the Upper House, and would also be able to find seats there for ministers defeated at the polls. And in a small degree this proposal would help to eliminate the possibility of a conflict between the Houses.

The opportunity might be taken of including in the new House representatives of the great Dominions, and even of the more advanced Crown Colonies. The difficulty of obtaining the services of suitable men who are prepared to spend most of the year in London would make it desirable to keep the numbers small; and as the principle is the real point, there might be five representatives each from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India; two from Newfoundland, one from Ceylon, West Africa, the West Indies, East Africa and the Federated Malay States. These figures are only given as an example, and would be subject to readjustment, but they would provide thirty-two representatives of the overseas Empire.

It may be objected that such members should not be permitted to interfere in the domestic concerns of Great Britain, and in some matters of purely internal importance it would be a question of taste for these members as to whether they should vote or not. But the value of such an arrangement from the point of view of Imperial Unity would be enormous; the confidence of the more suspicious Dominions would be won by the fact that unity, for once, was being sought by the concession on the part of this country of some degree of her own independence.

The Irish Free State would be, in a sense, represented by the Irish hereditary peers, but in the event of the Free State government wishing to nominate members, there seems no reason why they should not be allowed to do so.

These members, appointed by the Dominions, would not be the official representatives of their governments, like the High Commissioners, but as life tenure is obviously unsuited to men whose homes are overseas, they might be appointed for five or seven years with eligibility for reappointment. They would be unaffected by changes in the government of their Dominion, but it might be necessary to have a power of recall vested in the Governor-General to be employed when requested to do so by an address from both Houses of the Dominion legislature.

## III

The Upper House, as so far constituted, would contain two hundred and sixty-seven members, irrespective of Irish Free State representation, and I would add to it a considerable number of ex-officio members. It is obviously out of the question to enumerate all the posts, tenure or former tenure of which should carry with it a seat in the Upper House. The Lord Chancellor and the present Law Lords would, of course, be included, as well as the holders of one or two of the higher judicial offices. The Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England would be brought in under the same system as at present; and to them might be added the three senior members of the Roman hierarchy in England, and the heads for the time being of the Nonconformist churches. I have never been able to understand the attacks levelled by radical thinkers at

the presence of the Bishops in the House of Lords, since they are the only section of that House which is there, as a section, on its merits.

All ex-Governors-General of the Dominions and India, all ex-First Sea Lords of the Admiralty, Chiefs of the Imperial General Staff, and Chiefs of the Air Staff, the Lord Mayor of London and his four immediate predecessors, the Governor of the Bank of England, the Vice-Chancellors of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, all former Cabinet Ministers without a seat in the House of Commons, with a proviso, to prevent abuse, that they must have held Cabinet office for at least a year, would be included in the House.

They would constitute a body approaching four hundred in number, a size which is ideal for a deliberative assembly, and which would contain a vast fund of experience and knowledge. With the strength that this would bring, the constitutional powers of the present House of Lords would be adequate. The only alteration that might be made would be the one advocated by a Royal Commission of taking away the Speaker of the House of Commons' sole power to certify a Bill as a Money Bill, and entrusting it to a standing committee composed of equal numbers from each House, with the Speaker as chairman. This would eliminate the risk of the appointment of a partisan Speaker to circumvent the House of Lords, and would offer help to an impartial one in the very difficult task of deciding what is really a Money Bill.

One result of this reform would be that peers not elected to the Upper House would be eligible for the House of Commons. If the present practice of confining the most powerful offices in the State to members of the House of Commons is to be persisted on, this would remove the anomalous injustice of denying to young men whose fathers are peers the opportunity of reaching great positions, and would allow the country to take advantage of the splendid administrative talent now partly wasted in the House of Lords.

The country is probably not aware that, for practical major purposes, it is living under a system of single chamber government; and that it would be perfectly possible for a party majority in the House of Commons, obtained perhaps on some totally different issue such as national dislike of a previous administration, to be used to overthrow with perfect legality the whole order of society. The need in these days of huge unstable electorates is for a body which shall be strong enough to reject such measures, or, at least to force their reference to and reconsideration by the country.

## THE CONTROLLING MINDS OF ISLAM \*—I

IBN SAID, KING OF NAJD AND HEJAZ

BY SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH

NEW and strange to both East and West is the world which has developed in the generation that has grown up since the conclusion of the Great War, for as it has changed Europe, so has it wrought extraordinary alterations upon the mind and body of everlasting Asia. Economically, politically and intellectually Asia is no longer the same, nor can she ever be again. Her long sleep has been broken. The weird veils which shrouded the East have been rent asunder with such force that the revelation of Oriental man, once an unknown quantity, has come upon the West with almost stunning force.

The Asiatic now appears just as eager to assert his national claims as any of the races of Europe, he shows himself as much inclined to commerce as Lancashire or Barcelona, and is just as susceptible to ordinary human influences as are people in Mayfair

\* The first of a series of three articles. The two remaining articles will appear in subsequent issues.



or the Old Kent Road. That his mentality is still not comprehended in certain quarters is surely not his fault.

But chiefly are his concerns and agitations national or racial—pan-Arab, pan-Turanian, Indian, Afghan, Chinese. His youth has flown to the bannered symbols of nationality. Not that the young men are leading, for ripe wisdom counts in Asia even more than it does in Europe. But youth is agitating and filling up the ranks in politics and commerce. There is no definite challenge to Occidental man, as there was in Japan in the 'sixties of last century, no desire for segregation, merely the natural impulse for self-expression.

And the men who have brought about this reawakening in Asia, who are they? They are chiefly Mustafa Kemal, Ibn Said, Nadir Shah and Riza Shah. Through them speak Turkey, Arabia, Afghanistan and Persia. Let us examine the theories, principles and policies of these men, let us try to glean some insight into their personalities and the movements they lead.

Ibn Said is unquestionably the greatest Arab of this generation, a born warrior, diplomat and administrator. His great scheme for the pacification of the desert areas and for the free and safe ingress of pilgrims to Mecca and Medina has been extraordinarily successful. His religious zeal in connexion with the Wahabi sect of his fathers is well known. He may be called the great "Wee Free" of the Moslem world, rigorous, ascetic, narrow if you like, a truly Calvinistic figure who will permit no cigarette smoking in the holy city, nor even a decent levity. His personality is overwhelming. Mussolini himself is not regarded by his Blackshirts with a tithe of the reverence which Ibn Said inspires among his tribesmen.

In 1913 he cast off the Turkish yoke, and nine years later attacked the Rashids of Shammar with such fury that he succeeded in adding their very considerable territories to his own. Six years ago he completed the conquest of the Hejaz, including Mecca and Medina, which he at once set about reorganizing as sacred cities in the strictest sense of the term. That Great Britain approves his pacific if stern rule up to 1923 at least, is proved by the fact that she subsidized it to the extent of over half a million pounds.

Ibn Said is an extraordinarily hard worker. His sense of justice is most acute, even exaggerated, his enemies would say, and in arriving at decisions he will spare no pains in personal heart-searching. His chief end is peace, holiness and the realization of paradise upon earth. He is particularly severe on marauders and many stories are told of the drastic punishments he has inflicted on brigands and robbers. But the apple of his eye is Mecca, the sacred capital of Islam. On the fitting conduct of pilgrims within its borders he has lavished immense care, surrounding the holy places with regulations the better to uphold their sanctity.

Stark, severe, plain in his personal manners and life, he reminds one of the old Arab head of the family, jealous of its conduct and honour. Only the whole nation is his family, and the ill-behaved son or daughter has a sad time. He would have been in his element in the Scottish Sunday of fifty years ago, when the blinds were pulled down and people spoke in whispers.

By pure force of personality he has succeeded in making the whole community model itself upon him, and his influence is spreading throughout the Moslem world. When I was in Mecca I heard an amusing story about some Americans who had been robbed in the desert by Bedouins. They had lost all their luggage, which included a portable wine-cellar. They made a personal complaint to the King, enumerating the articles of which they had been dispossessed.

"For your clothes and money you rightly bewail," replied Ibn Said in an official letter, "for these con-

modities men require and one cannot travel far without means. I shall therefore see to it that you are supplied with what is proper and fitting in these cases, but no more. As for the wine you regret, the thieves surely did you a service in taking it from you, as it is a ruin to man in this world and a means of damnation to him in the next. Therefore, for this, remember your robbers with gratitude, that they have taken upon themselves the evil with which you might have been afflicted."

The remarks of the Americans at this deliverance may better be imagined than described!

Ibn Said rises at dawn, and after prayers and a draught of milk addresses himself to work, at which he labours until sundown, with only brief intervals for refreshment, further prayer and ablutions. He is really a monarch and high priest in one, the Pope of his people as well as their temporal ruler. No man knows better what is going on in all parts of his dominions, and he can correct even the most zealous secretary or governor as to the smallest details of administration.

This able and righteous man, still young—he is only forty-eight—seems ordained to wield an ever-growing influence in Moslem affairs, for the power and repercussion of his example are being felt in the other Islamic communities. That he is at the end of his course and adventure in statesmanship it seems impossible to believe. Arabia, which has brought forth so many conquerors of extraordinary capacity, might even seem once again to have given birth in the person of Ibn Said to another of those great Napoleons of religious enterprise who have shaped the mentality of the Near East and altered the frontiers of its peoples.

## THE POLITICAL STRUWELPETER—5

BRITANNIA said, Now Ramsay, dear,  
I must go out and leave you here.  
But mind now, Ramsay, what I say:  
Don't suck your thumb while I'm away.  
For grave misfortune always trips  
A statesman when he tries such tricks.  
The great tall tellers in the lobbies  
Wait there for Premiers with such follies;  
And ere he dreams what they're about,  
Straight come their great sharp scissors out.  
And off their thumbs do come—and then,  
You know, they never grow again.

Britannia'd scarcely turned her back;  
Each thumb was in: Alack, alack!  
One Labour left, one Liberal right,  
Suck, suck, he went, and likewise bite.  
Each was a juicy bit, you note  
(One Trade Dispute, one Plural Vote);  
He sucked, and bit, and sucked once more,  
And then, alas! that open door—

The House was open, in he ran,  
That great, long, hateful scissor-man.  
Oh! children, see! the tellers' here,  
They've caught our little Ramsay dear.  
Snip, snap, snip, the scissors go,  
And Ramsay cries out, Oh, Oh, Oh!  
Snip, snap, snip, they go so fast  
That both his thumbs are off at last.

Britannia's back—there Ramsay stands  
And looks quite sad, and shows his hands.  
No Plural Vote, no Trade Dispute—  
The wretched Premier's tongue's quite mute.  
Ah, said Britannia, so he's come  
To naughty little Suck-a-thumb;  
It doesn't pay, my lad, you see,  
To run the country without me.

## MUSIC AS A CAREER

By JACQUES THIBAUD

IT is a favourite amusement to make comparisons between modern artistes and the great musicians of the past. Were Paganini and Liszt, for instance, more accomplished performers than the virtuosi of our own time? It is a difficult question to answer, as there were no gramophones to record the sounds produced by the famous players of the past. Personally I feel sure that, as regards technique, the modern musicians are quite as good as their predecessors, and certainly intellectually superior.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the only great artistes are those who have become celebrated. There are many great artistes among those who are unknown and those who are classed as failures. Talents and knowledge are not enough to bring an artiste to the front. He needs luck as well, and he must also have an engaging personality. The public is very much influenced by the performer's personality, and, when this element is lacking, the artiste begins his career with a big handicap.

Luck also plays its part in the matter. I have experienced it myself, and to it I owe my first big success in Berlin. It showed itself under the guise of cold. Two recitals were announced for the same time in the same building. Joachim was to play in the large hall and I in a smaller one. Joachim of course was well known and a great many seats were taken for his concert, while the bookings for mine were very small. At the last moment Joachim became unwell and was unable to appear. When the announcement was made, his audience prepared to go, but the cold outside was so intense that many of those who came to hear him preferred to postpone facing the bitter weather outside, and so they decided to come into the other concert hall and listen to me instead. Every seat was soon filled, among my audience being the critics of the great Berlin newspapers who had come for Joachim's concert. The audience was enthusiastic, and my notices in next morning's papers were very satisfactory. Luck brought me fame.

Everyone is not so lucky at the beginning, and even artistes who have made their names can fail through mischance. The American public has wrecked the career of more than one great artiste in consequence of a small error in technique. Technique is what counts most in America, and individual temperament is relegated to a secondary position. This is not evidence of inferiority on the part of Americans but a desire for perfection on the part of a young and vigorous nation—a desire which, for the time being, takes the shape of a search after external perfection. The American public is vitally alive and intensely interested in everything. Nowhere else have I heard such animated discussions during the intervals of a concert, and though the people who took part in these discussions were by no means experts, their judgment as regards technique was generally right. When Time provides them with a proper appreciation of other artistic qualities, American audiences will be the most competent in the world. It is already established beyond doubt that in no country are such efforts made to popularize music as in the United States. They have the money, of course, and they spend it. They have built the world's largest and "most perfect" concert halls, they attract the world's greatest artistes and most celebrated teachers, and they make up the best orchestral ensembles. This is not all. They spread musical education, by means of wireless and talking machines, to places far removed from the beaten track. In America, everything possible is done to create a liking for music among the young, whereas in Europe hardly any propaganda is carried on for this form of art.

Belgium and Germany are the only European countries in which I have seen concerts for children. Having myself taken part in some of these concerts, I can say that children make an excellent audience, and, if the numbers on the programme are judiciously selected (I have played sonatinas by Schubert, Beethoven and Mozart) their enthusiasm goes far beyond that of adults. The taste for art is something that should be acquired at a very early age.

The rate of musical development in America is, however, less than in Japan. I made a tour in that country two years ago, and, when I started, I felt sure I should meet with nothing more than the indifference usually encountered in exotic countries, but I found my concert-halls full of listeners gathered from all classes of society. They listened intently. They readily surrendered themselves to deep emotion, yet when the piece was over they wiped away their tears, so as not to reveal their feelings, assuming an appearance of indifference and showing themselves ready to talk on any subject except the impression produced on them by the music.

The Japanese have not yet produced any great musicians. Their culture in Western music dates back only a few dozen years, but their development has been extremely rapid and they have everything in their favour—a delightful country, a profound longing for culture, a keen taste for the arts and excellent education systems. Their great musicians will appear before long.

The strongest emotion I ever experienced in my life was when I was playing one evening before a working-class public. Sarah Bernhardt and I were asked by a workmen's organization to take part in an entertainment for the benefit of its members. When we came to draw up the musical part of the programme, the members of the committee surprised me greatly by insisting upon classical music. They wanted me to play Beethoven, Bach and Mozart. I objected at first, because I was afraid that my listeners would not understand. I was quite wrong. The audience simply shouted with enthusiasm and actually shed tears. I shall never forget the delightful things that were said to me by workmen, old and young alike, at the end of the evening, when my box was literally flooded with tiny bouquets of flowers. The charge for admission was four sous only, but it was worth millions to play before such an audience, and Sarah Bernhardt was of the same opinion.

## THE REFUGEES

[FROM AN ENGLISHMAN IN FRANCE]

SOMETIMES on my morning walks along the hillside I stop to chat with a tall, slender, grey-haired lady whose dignified presence would attract attention in any company. She carries a sack over her shoulder, wears what we used to call "land costume," and gives long hours to the collection of green branches and succulent grasses for her goats. Most of the small landowners of the district have given her permission to help herself through the winter season, when her own holding is not capable of yielding sufficient green food; they are the more content to do so because cows' milk is hard to come by and the choice lies between fresh goats' milk and something sweet and nasty out of a tin. All the morning, from nine o'clock till midday and after, Madame works hard, in the afternoon she rests and, at infrequent intervals, receives her friends. By the aid of her goats, some chickens and a few olive and fruit trees, she contrives to carry on. Her uncle was a Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Tsar of all the Russias, she herself was a lady-in-waiting at one of the most brilliant courts in Europe, speaks at least



six languages fluently and has written a very readable book about Russia and the war.

The Bolsheviks compelled her to fly for her life with no more of her worldly wealth than she could carry with her; it sufficed to buy the little holding on the mountainside from which she stretches out a helping hand to some even more unfortunate than herself. You may meet them now and again at her frugal table, these men and women who have escaped from their native land and are content to temper their poverty with sunshine while living by the sweat of the brow in fashion that touches the real limits of simplicity.

Here is a delicate, well-built man with the head of a scholar and thinker; he can tell you without emotion stories of the Terror that are hard to believe, but though his sufferings have ruined his health, he does not lard a plain tale with grievances; nobody does. All accept the inevitable, and if there is any bitterness it arises less from the thought of what has been lost than from the impossibility of communicating with relatives and friends in hiding. Only with the greatest difficulty and at considerable risk does a message pass, for there are in Russia to-day many aristocrats who cannot escape and are living under assumed names. The Soviet authorities would be only too pleased to discover and destroy them, consequently all attempts to communicate regularly have been abandoned.

There is a refugee in the valley who was saved from death and smuggled over the frontier by a servant who had turned Bolshevik and won a position of influence; there is another who hid valuable jewels in the thatch of the roof, climbing up a water-pipe to reach it, just before a visit of inspection served as an excuse to strip the country villa of everything of value that remained. There are man and wife who were separated for nearly a year in the worst season of revolutionary excesses and met through a chance word spoken in a Paris restaurant and happily overheard. The grandson of one of Russia's most distinguished generals keeps a small poultry farm on the hillside; his wife, a lady whose distinction the roughest country clothes cannot disguise, goes into Toulon market to sit among the market women who resented her presence at first because she is not one of themselves, but now show her every kindness. Another refugee who in Petrograd used to drive her own car, has a "taxi" in Toulon. All these people contrive to keep heads above water, but there are others less fortunate. There is one woman, the wife of a distinguished officer with whom she did not live happily. An English soldier of wealth and standing was attracted by her and for his sake she left her husband. Shortly after, her lover was killed in action; her husband cast her off. Penniless, spoilt, for she was one of the noted beauties of Petrograd before the war and had never been called upon to face realities, she drifted and drifted. Sometimes you see her at the tea-table with the others; they know all her terrible story, but under this little roof she has the status of all the other guests. She, too, is a linguist, and preserves traces of the beauty that was her undoing.

They are strange gatherings in the living-room of the villa under the hill. The men and women, now immersed in the struggle for bare necessities, have known the intimate life of emperors and courts, have been in personal touch with Tsar Nicholas and Kaiser Franz Josef and the Arch-Duke whose murder served to bring about the war. They can tell you of the Tsaritsa and Rasputin, of the Grand Duke Nicholas, they gossip lightly about the courts of Europe, they have had their fill of revolution, of diplomacy and intrigue. But they are much more interested to-day in the market price of eggs and chickens, the health of the goats, the prospects of the vineyards, the planting of the vegetable garden, the coming of the rain. Their estates have dwindled; in place of the

palace there is the four or six-roomed villa; in place of the vast estates a few hectares that must be kept in heart by ceaseless work. Even the reunions round the tea urn are few, but they are precious because they enable the little colony to keep in touch. The refugees stand well together; sickness is helped, losses are shared. To strive without complaining, to live frugally, to forget the worst of the past and to face the uncertain future with a smile, this is the rôle. *Noblesse oblige*. They do not denounce Bolsheviks or Bolshevism, they have a quiet confidence in the passing of both, though this will be little to their advantage. Real and personal property have gone, nothing will be left save the freedom to return and the possibility of reunion with family and friends. Possibility! It is nothing more, and herein lies the worst sorrow of exile.

In fiction, the people who have had desperate adventures carry the marks of them in appearance, speech or gesture; in fact, these stigmata are all lacking. Men and women who fought desperately for life and liberty, who endured incredible hardships who have felt all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, look very much as you and I.

\* \* \*

A few nights ago, in a small but noted Paris restaurant, I listened while a late diner, a regular and wealthy patron of the house apparently, raised the roof because the dish of his particular choice was no longer available. While other diners looked amused or bored, the manager endeavoured to placate him by explaining that, unfortunately, the lady at the table in the corner had ordered the last of the dish just before he came in. He looked at the intruder with an anger of which she was supremely unconscious. "Ces Anglaises," he muttered. "They come here and take the food from our mouths, these people here. Is it for this we won the war?"

My thoughts travelled back to the Russians of the hillside. They, of course, lost their war; but they have preserved their equanimity.

## THE BOAT RACE

BY CHARLES DAVY

DURING the war fears were expressed that some of the more decorative forms of English sport might never be revived. Would there be time for county cricket? Would post-war young men be willing to spend months of gruelling labour preparing for the Boat Race? Would amateur sport of any kind ever regain its old prestige?

Perhaps these fears were not altogether mistaken, for county cricket, when unassisted by the meteoric passage of a Don Bradman, often does seem nowadays to be suffering from creaking joints; and various other games, notably lawn tennis, are tending in their higher branches to become more and more spectacular in manner and professional in spirit. But the prophets who feared for the future of the Boat Race were entirely wrong. This almost fantastic flowering of the amateur tradition survives untouched. There is never any lack of young men to compete for the arduous honour of a rowing blue; the crowds, the partisan enthusiasm, the newspaper publicity, show no sign of waning. Now an account of the race is broadcast and aeroplanes circle overhead; otherwise the war has made no difference.

What is the force that fills the newspapers with comment, and packs the towpath and the bridges year after year? Few among this annual audience know much about rowing. Comparatively few have been to Oxford or Cambridge. No one on shore sees more than a few minutes of the race, and those

few minutes may easily yield very little competitive interest. The flashing oar-blades, the perfect discipline of swaying bodies, the arrow-sharp prows cutting the water—all this, certainly, is superb as a momentary spectacle, but it is a spectacle frequently to be seen on the Thames, where crews approaching Boat Race standard are out practising nearly all the year round.

Obviously, the appeal of the Boat Race is not purely æsthetic; as a sporting competition it cannot be satisfactorily followed by the vast majority of its audience; very little betting money is at stake; and attendance on the towpath is not a fashionable duty. Some allowance must be made for the influence of sheer habit, but the crowds that line the river, year after year, cannot be explained by habit alone. It is more plausible to assume in the race an element of symbolic drama, whereby some strong and widespread desire, usually suppressed to-day, is vicariously released into action.

The Boat Race is strictly irrational, and in our tight-ruled, practical world the desire for irrationality does not get much chance. Perhaps one reason why we applaud Charlie Chaplin is that he represents an escape from civilized convention into a world of pure impulse. But irrationality is most satisfying when it takes the form, not of undirected impulse, but of intense effort directed towards a goal which demands the utmost determination and offers in return only the knowledge of achievement. The logic that deprecates the wastefulness of this kind of effort is nearly always half-hearted; even while we argue that there are many enterprises more obviously needed by the world than the climbing of Mount Everest or the driving of a motor-car at 350 miles an hour, we know that we should read of the accomplishment of either of these objects with a warmly pleasurable emotion not to be argued away. Perhaps we feel this partly because we like to feel it—because by glorifying human impulse we dignify our own human importance. But it may also be that the universe is friendly towards human recklessness so long as this recklessness is neither trivial nor selfish. Perhaps the gods like to see men play boldly for high stakes so long as the stakes may be lost and cannot be won.

## BREAD-AND-BUTTER LETTERS

BY PETER TRAILL

I SUPPOSE when one is seventy, if by any mischance one lives so long, one will still be compelled by the unwritten law to write letters of thanks to people whose boredom one has relieved for a week or two. At the rate at which I am progressing at the moment, a letter of mine will be addressed to the officer in charge of the workhouse, long before I am seventy, thanking him for a comfortable bed and informing him that the rain has so far spoiled none of my boxes of matches; for it is the *sine qua non* of all such effusions that they should render only good news.

There is another thing essential to a bread-and-butter letter, besides cheerfulness, and that is that it should be composed and despatched immediately one arrives at one's next destination. The reason for this haste is that if it isn't done at once it is never done at all. It is just forgotten and then the people, whom one has been so kind as to visit in order to try to lighten the burden of their lives and infuse a little sunshine into them, nod significantly to one another. An unpardonable breach of good manners has been perpetrated, a breach for which no amount of allowance will be made. One is never invited again—probably one is glad about that—but that is not all; one's former hostess, on being asked for an explanation of one's absence during the third week after Cowes, does not give the true reason. She knows that it will sound inadequate. Instead she

lets her pride run riot and all sorts of skeletons are hastily assembled and dangled before the eyes of the enquirer.

"My dear," she says, "he's a dreadful person really; of course he was a friend of my husband's, otherwise I should never have let him in at all. I must say that we actually had no complaints from the servants, but then I've had them a considerable time—I always get on well with my maids—and we didn't, as a matter of fact, miss any of the silver which my mother gave us when we were married, but I can't help thinking that we were exceptionally fortunate." Thus by inference, after omitting so trifling a matter, one finds oneself "drummed out."

It is clearly wrong that the burden should be put upon the guests in this fashion; if any letter should be written at all after one's departure, it is the duty of the hostess, who has got no travelling to interfere with her leisure, to sit down the moment the front door has closed upon her guest and write a pæan of praise to him, which should serve to fortify him somewhat at his next port of call. She should begin by remarking how pleasant it was to see him once again, and how, but for such a visit to break up the monotony of her existence, she would have been compelled to take a hammer to her husband, whose society she finds a great deal of trouble in supporting without some outside help. She should hope that her guest does not consider the amount of money expended upon the railway fare or the petrol entirely wasted; in short, she should trust that he has had his money's worth. She should continue that, should by any felicitous chance things be so, she hopes that it is not too much to ask him to repeat his visit the following year, if only out of charity, in order to prevent her becoming an inmate of an asylum, owing to the boredom consequent upon her husband's continuous presence. She should apologize for her outrageous cook or butler, as the case may be, and promise that, so far as lies in her power, the next time that he comes the meals will be more in accordance with those to which he has been accustomed, and that his clothes will receive the attention which they merit. Finally, she should express a desire to listen to any complaints which he may have to make and show a willingness to do her utmost to dispose of them satisfactorily, so that nothing may stand in the way of his making another appearance the following year.

I regret that strenuously as I have urged these arguments and the procedure attendant upon their adoption, the results so far have been nugatory; and, as I see no chance of a change of attitude, the only way which occurs to me out of the impasse is to strive for the issue of a series of postcards. These postcards should be on the lines of the field postcards current during the war:

### STRIKE OUT WHAT DOES NOT APPLY

Dear	Thank you	very much	for a
Dearest	Thanks	a little	
Darling	Merci	not at all	
nice	time. I have had a	pleasant	journey. I
fair		quiet	
damnable		filthy	
have been	robbed	train	The weather is
	injured	in the car	
	killed	charabanc	
loathsome	yours	sincerely	never again
foul		affectionately	
lousy			

By making use of these cards the whole matter would be simplified. In case one is liable to forget to post them, they can be written at the same time as the luggage labels, and left behind in one's room with all the other things that one invariably forgets.

In this way it seems to me that everyone would be satisfied, even that officious person, Mr. Manners, with whom one's mother appears to be so intimate and one's grandmother to have been positively indecent.



## A NIGHT IN SAN CRISTOBAL

By W. D. A. CLEWES

HE walked by night in a strange city; a city of dark streets, with still darker alleys intersecting them. The unfamiliar smells were as vaguely disturbing as a bad dream half-realized; here and there a glaring window cut open the night; and over all the ceaseless whispering of the river seemed to brood, evilly. In the far distance a guitar throbbed.

He walked aimlessly, drawing at his cheroot, unable to decide whether he felt like a man at last come home, or like one devoted to an unknown yet certainly bizarre doom. His feelings were compounded, exotically, of ease and unease; the skirts of adventure, whisking away as it seemed round each corner at the very moment of his approach, led him on; the cold instincts of an habitual repression gave him pause.

He revolved this slowly in his mind, and found that a choice of two courses was now upon him. He could return at once to his hotel, which was a solid house for solid people, providing the comforts of home amid all this uncomfortable foreignness; and there he could stay until the calling of the next steamer homeward bound. Or, alternatively, he could yield himself, for all it meant, to the warm, elusive mystery of the native town. There was nothing to prevent him: he had no ties; if it cost money, he could pay; there was only this formless, empty, shadow of a fear to mar his realization of a lifelong dream.

Standing there irresolute on a corner, kicking up little spirals of soft white dust, a new sense of the momentousness of his decision, to his character and perhaps to his life, took hold of his mind. If he turned back now, he would despise himself always; and he would never know what, possibly, he had thrown away. With a sudden bursting of inward bonds, he drew in a deep lingering breath, savouring as never yet the strange spiciness of the air, rolling it on his tongue as a smoker might opium, feeling now finally and irrevocably like a man come back to a home he has never seen. He turned to the right, and the darkness closed over his head like the river over the head of a suicide.

An oppressed lamp on a wall-bracket only made the darkness blacker in the lane in which he walked. The path sloped downwards, very gently, and he had begun to calculate, in a subconscious way, how long it would be before he reached the river, when he was struck by a sharp disappointment, for the alley ended in a blank wall. It was such a blow to his unformulated hopes to have to turn back; such an inauspicious beginning to his objectless yet somehow pregnant quest that he stood where he was and looked around him.

In front, a blank wall of quite uncertain height; to the left, the same; to the right, a dim blur of light about thirty feet from the ground resolved itself, as he looked, into a small low-railed balcony, jutting out capriciously from the house side. With a feeling almost of revolt he became conscious that a woman stood on the balcony; seemingly she was looking down upon him; he visualized, disgustedly, the commercial smile upon her painted mouth, and made to move away. His tastes did not lie at all in that direction; if, he thought angrily, this was all the beckoning finger of romance could show—a back-street entrance to the red-light quarter—he might as well have stayed at home in the first place.

He had not quite completed the full turn upon his heel, when she spoke.

"Señor . . . please."

He stopped, and waited; the sound was so small that he had almost convinced himself that he had been mistaken, when she spoke again.

"A moment, señor; I will come down."

Her voice was like a monastery bell, heard far up in the mountains; it held him in spite of himself, and although automatically he fumbled for his wallet, he was still more concerned with its murmuring in his ears, when a deeper patch of blackness in the shadow on his right announced the opening of an unnoticed door.

He stepped gropingly forward, hand outstretched, and felt it grasped in hers, little, soft and cold. She drew him in and the door closed behind him.

The darkness was absolute; but he caught, as in a dream, a faint and subtly stirring perfume; and as in a dream, heard her even breathing and her bell-like even voice:

"Be careful, señor, there are fifty steps."

They began to go upwards: his dream still enveloped him; it seemed as though he were raised, effortlessly, by the pressure of her hand.

Without warning they came into the room of the balcony. There was no ante-room; the stairs burst straight in through the polished floor. It was a small room, but its height gave it an effect of space: its height, and the dim, misty quality of the light that filled it. The pervading perfume of the place had, almost, a sentient being of its own; it was palpable, almost visible, and one felt that it struggled with the hidden lamps for mastery.

Seated on a low divan, the girl watched him, as he balanced awkwardly on a little stool before her. She watched him, as he watched her, without a word. She seemed very young, seventeen perhaps; her pale face was like a lily reared away from sunlight; waxen and delicate, it was wonderfully flower-like on the slender neck emerging from her gorgeous flowered silk robe. Her hair was black and piled high; with a great comb towering above, it looked too heavy for her slim body.

Her wide eyes were young and candid, but with a peculiar appearance as of a veil drawn down before them. She suggested to him something quite apart from his whole experience; something strange and foreign, something unlooked-for, and something, too, found only for a fleeting moment. Suddenly he felt it urgently incumbent upon him to break the silence. He moistened his lips and said, tentatively, "Señorita."

She corrected him, gently, as though it did not matter.

"Señora," she said. "I am married, señor."

This, against his preconceived ideas of the girl, brought him up with something of a shock; and yet somehow it did not seem at all strange that he should be here, in this strange room, talking to this married child, whom he did not know. The town had held something, something secret, for him alone; he had found it, and now it seemed only right that he should comfort her; she was very pitiful. On impulse, then, he rose, and sat down beside her.

"Do you wish anything?" he said. "Why did you call to me?"

Her eyes dwelt on him, and again he had that impression of a veil drawn over them.

"Were you not looking for something señor," she asked him, "down there, in the street? So, too, am I. A moment of friendship; perhaps, who knows, a moment of love."

Her voice never varied from its one bell-like note; she spoke Spanish with a peculiar clipped gentleness, a kind of caressing weariness. After she had apparently weighed her statement, she repeated it.

"Yes, señor," she said, "perhaps a moment of love. I have never had even a moment, and now I have such a little time. I am dying, señor."

It seemed she wished him to judge the matter entirely impartially, impersonally, as though she were discussing not herself, but some other person about whom she did not care.

He tried to speak, but stuttered and stumbled: the words jostled each other in his mouth, and fell over each other as they come from his lips. "But," he said, "but . . . dying! . . . what do you mean? Why do you say such a thing?"

Her calm glance was undisturbed. "Yes, it is true, señor. Listen: I will tell you." He floated away on her words, as on a quiet stream.

"My father hated me," she said, with an almost casual inflexion. "He hated me for my mother as well as myself. Her he had loved for a time; but he feared responsibility above all things: it terrified him, and he was not strong enough even to ignore it. So when her people cast her out for her love of him, and she came to him, he hated her. Her health was broken with her spirit. I sometimes think of him, waiting, praying, for her to die. Then, when she died, I was born." She paused, and sighed. "That was many years ago, señor, and in China: she was Chinese, of a princely family, and soon withered, away from her sheltered garden."

She went on, and as she spoke his thoughts ran round and about her quiet words. A flower from a Chinese garden: of course . . . her strangeness, aloofness and cool stillness, the flowerlike waxiness of her face—all Chinese.

"Imagine his feelings towards me, señor. Rid of one responsibility only to be burdened with another which would probably outlast him. He hated me."

"When I was fifteen, I was married. My dowry was immense . . . you see, there was no other inducement. It was a bribe, and everybody concerned knew it was a bribe." She looked at him pathetically, and in a way apologetically. It was more than he could bear; he averted his eyes. He discovered he was holding her hand: it lay in his lightly, supinely, like a single petal of a flower.

Again she went on, in her even monotone. "Things might not have been so bad . . . I don't know. In any case, one cannot tell. My father at last had his revenge on me for existing." Her hand trembled slightly. "He told my husband the history of my mother."

"From being to my father a living reproach, I became to my husband what he chose to regard as a living insult. For six months he has wished me dead as bitterly as ever my father did my mother. To-day he thought of a new wound he might inflict on me. It is my birthday to-day, señor: I am sixteen. So he brought me a birthday gift. See."

She showed him a ring on her finger, and moved it a little. Underneath, he saw a long scratch, a cut rather, with bluish edges showing up uglily, startlingly, on the pallor of her skin.

"It is a very ancient poison ring, and he gave it to me sneering, explaining what he called its useful virtues. I thanked him; indeed, I was grateful for his first act of kindness. It was very easy to use—quite without pain."

She ceased, and he sat motionless, without a word. A movement of fear seemed to possess her: it was like a breath of air on the surface of a pool. There was the faintest trace of agitation in her voice when she spoke again, and it stirred him in her more than a tempest in another.

"I was wrong to bring you here, señor, my husband may return. But, you see, no one has ever in my life even considered loving me, and when I saw you standing down there, I called out . . . I was mad."

She was silent, but after a moment she was again absolutely calm. "But you will forgive me, señor; I am dying."

He sat, stunned and dazed. He saw the future, and knew it to be empty. All his life had been one long looking forward; and now, he had met this girl only to see her die. He saw the future, and it seemed to him one long regret: no love, no life, one memory. Suddenly he could not believe it; he turned

fully to her; her pallor was perhaps more waxen than before.

"Listen," he said urgently, and with difficulty, "you are not going to die. It is ridiculous to think that you are going to die. That scratch is nothing, nothing at all. Listen. I am young, too, but I feel old, because I am so much alone. We will go away together, you and I, to China, anywhere, and at last we will be children. And then, when you can laugh again, we shall be married. We. . ."

His voice tailed off as she swayed to him; for the first time she smiled. He took her gently, and as he kissed her, she died, as though her life had been a flame that he had blown out.

## WHOM THE CAP FITS—VIII

HAD you lived in the Middle Ages you would surely have been accused of the art of lycanthropy, for rare are the instances of an individual assuming or inducing so many political shapes. Whether or no this uncanny attribute is hereditary or acquired, I have no means of ascertaining. But as you wholly condemn the former it is fair to assume that your skill developed in the hills that cradled your excitable youth, mountains which, like the moon, encourage mischief. But however that may be, endowed with the subtlety of the serpent, you early affected the Law, where, if you should fail to sit on the Bench, there was always a chance that you might stand in the Dock! Meanwhile, thirsting for notoriety and drunk with energy, you scintillated nightly in the dullness of political clubs and conventicles, planting seeds of Socialism in the mud of addlepate brains. Small wonder, therefore, that later on, when you had visions of Parliament, a rich harvest awaited you.

It is said that the chameleon, a resourceful reptile, if placed on a tartan would explode! Less fastidious, however, you could assume any and every political colour at one and the same time and still save your skin. That you tilted at Authority was natural—it is the demagogue's trade—landlords were accused—the people had been mulcted; legislators were effete—mob-orators must govern. In short, agitation was your business, for at such times the dregs in the social bottle rise to the surface. Add to this a wealth of fiction and a poverty of fact, and who could doubt your ambitious interest in the welfare of the crowd?

How fortunate the controversy that brewed near your native town; a wicked landlord and a waste acre were the contents of the pot which, by reason of your fiery efforts, eventually overboiled. The result approved your aim; discontent was everywhere; and having excited the trouble in order to allay it, success dubbed you a popular hero. So astute a councillor seemed bred to the Law, but as there was every prospect that you might receive more writs than you issued, Parliament, at no expense, solved the difficulty. Your friends, reckoning without their host, have lived to rue the day.

But for national prosperity, your lust for disturbance might have been indulged sooner. Still, you never ceased to prepare the fire so that when, in due course, distress made its appearance, deaf to all restraint, you applied the match. That "confusion worse confounded" was the result, mattered little. Office was your ambition; and realizing that only those who strike obtain the prize, you spared neither friend nor foe to attain your end. As always happens, responsibility generates caution. A seat in the Cabinet sobered your actions. Nevertheless, your "banner with the strange device," inimical to landlords, could be unfurled if necessary to advance your position or delude your supporters. You have doubtless forgotten your other flaming mottoes: "The land for the people"; "Three dukes and a cow"; "Peasants, not pheasants." And last but not least, your classic defence of the turnip! Demosthenes on the Crown was not more convincing!



And now your future was assured; to fool the crowd was to rule the country. But what if your artifice should be discovered? Fortunately you possessed the skill of shrinking into any shape or form; in pursuit of your interests there was no hole into which you disdained to creep.

I could yet add to the inventory of your political defects, but public opinion, that has weighed you in the balance, will supply the omissions. Posterity, the friend of Truth, may view you with a less critical though not more accurate eye, but whatever the verdict no evidence exists that your Patriotism was ever above Prudence or your Principles above Price. How curious the retrospect of your political life and the pious shibboleths you sounded by the way. "The land for the people"—you own many acres! "Common rights"—you have absorbed at will! "Down with the landlords"—you have three domains! "Away with capitalists"—you are rich!

In desperate cases the physician sometimes reverses his mode of treatment with good results. The political patient is at death's door as the result of your nostrums; he fears your honesty and skill even to administer the antidote. In the circumstances, therefore, assign your duty to others; retire to the country and learn something of those you have ignorantly abused; study the true welfare of the people; distribute your wealth as you have always advised, lest it be said, "The last state of that man was worse than the first."

ACHATES

## THE KANGCHENJUNGA FILM

[FROM OUR BERLIN CORRESPONDENT]

THE enthusiastic reception accorded by the Berlin public to Professor Dyhrenfurth's film 'Himalaj, the Throne of the Gods,' is richly merited. This record of the Kangchenjunga expedition presents an epic of the inevitable white man's battle with almost unsurmountable difficulties and the value of the film is greatly enhanced by the facts being allowed to speak for themselves without any attempt being made to draw the spectator's attention to the heroism of the performers.

The 'Throne of the Gods' should appeal equally to the traveller, the mountaineer and the student of native life; at the same time, the general public's demands for thrilling episodes are not neglected. The scene depicting an ice avalanche on a scale unknown in the European Alps is a sight not to be forgotten. This avalanche frustrated the expedition's efforts to master the Kangchenjunga and caused the death of Darsena, a gallant Tibetan porter.

With considerable skill subjects of geographical and ethnographic interest have been introduced. The gradual transformation of the scenery from the tropical vegetation and the ancient civilization of India to the bleak countryside and the primitive villages of the highlands of Sikkim and Nepal provides better and more realistic instruction in geography than any amount of literature. Transport begins with motors and ends—via ponies, mules and yaks—with native porters whose devotion under great hardships enabled the explorers to master the Jongsong peak after their failure to reach the Kangchenjunga. Tibetan devil dances executed to the weird music of native instruments, ceremonious receptions in Buddhist monasteries and negotiations with Nepalese dignitaries provide interesting local colour. The reaction of the unsophisticated native to the blessings of white civilization, as represented by the gramophone and American jazz, is most amusingly shown in a village scene in Nepal.

## THE FILMS

### THE PINK AND GREEN MIXTURES

BY MARK FORREST

*Feet First.* Directed by Clyde Bruckman. The Plaza.

*Dracula.* Directed by Tod Browning. The Capitol.

THE medical profession is credited with the practice of sending along either a pink or a green "bottle" as panaceas for all the ill of mankind; and a great many people place implicit faith in these remedies. Similarly in the world of the cinema there are two mixtures which producers trot out to please the public. The pink "bottle" is being offered in regular doses this week at the Plaza, where Harold Lloyd is appearing in his latest film, 'Feet First.' This picture is constructed and photographed upon the same principles that served for his two recent films, 'Safety Last' and 'Welcome Danger,' and the medicine is made up by taking love at first sight, a desire to succeed suggested by an advertisement and success by farcical methods which involve apparently incredible perils. Mix these ingredients and the olio is a pink "bottle." To those who cry out for something different the answer must be that the majority do not want it; the pink "bottle" has always worked wonders in their case and they distrust any other colour; Harold Lloyd is, therefore, wise in continuing to supply his usual remedy. 'Feet First' does not differ materially from his former films, and those people who want to see them all over again will be perfectly happy. From the technical point of view there is towards the end of the picture a good deal, rather too much I thought, of excellent "trick" photography, and for the rest Harold Lloyd with his "personality plus" certificate succeeds once more in winning Barbara Kent, who played opposite to him in 'Welcome Danger.'

Those people who have always been accustomed to a green "bottle" will find their concoction at the Capitol, where 'Dracula,' based upon the late Mr. Bram Stoker's book and the recent play of the same name, is being shown. I have read the book and seen the play, but neither of them managed to bring me to what, judging from the number of persons who seemed to enjoy the interregnum between hysterics and a dead faint when the piece was played, must be a state of bliss. I had thought that the picture might produce this ecstasy in me, because, obviously, the subject lends itself more to the art of the camera than to any other, but the green "bottle" cannot be my medicine because I came away, I regret to say, sniggering.

The opening sequence is well enough. Count Dracula's castle in Transylvania, where the cobwebs hang as heavy as damask and the vampires cluster thick as the shades in Avernus, looks eerie—if a trifle too much so; but when the bloodsucking Count transfers his activities to England, the spell is broken. Biting people's necks in Piccadilly on a foggy night does not seem gruesome—at least, the idea is not—though more suggestion and less realism in the photography might have produced an effect which could have induced a certain feeling of uneasiness.

In transplanting flowers; rebottling wines; moving, in fact, anything from its native fastness, a risk is run that that thing may become a pale relic or altogether perish. Vampires are the pets of Eastern Europe (in the first part of the eighteenth century they became as necessary to a Slav in Hungary as roses did to a Jacobite in England) but the local product has succumbed to the climate of the West. To-day, though the vampire may still frighten the Russian peasant, we ourselves, owing to the American dominance, are more terrified by the "vamp." There is, perhaps, a connexion, but not a sufficient one to warrant any uncomfortable moments while watching Bela Lugosi play Count Dracula.



GILBERT WAKEFIELD



## THE THEATRE CONCERNING "HAPPY ENDING"

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD

*Strictly Dishonourable.* By Preston Sturges. Phoenix Theatre.  
*Naughty Cinderella.* By Avery Hopwood. Comedy Theatre.  
*O.H.M.S.* By Reginald Berkeley.

THERE used to be, and maybe there still is, a form of picture-puzzle which invited children to discover a mistake in a drawing. The mistakes were usually quite elementary—a shadow wrongly cast, or the transposition of a figure's right and left hands: something contrary to nature, as a rule; and to grown-up persons what was wrong with the drawing was, of course, quite obvious. To a child, however, or at least to one child, the pictures very often seemed entirely satisfactory, notwithstanding their defiance of the laws of nature—which was not only seldom perceived, but regarded as of very small importance when detected. I have been reminded of those picture-puzzles by three recent comedies.

(1) 'Strictly Dishonourable' (an importation from America) tells how a famous Italian opera singer chanced to meet, in a New York speakeasy, an amorous virgin from Virginia, at a moment when she happened to be semi-intoxicated; how she "fell for" this handsome, expert lady-killer, and made frantic efforts to persuade him to seduce her; how he took her to his bedroom with "strictly dishonourable" intentions, but there suddenly decided not to "take advantage" of her, but instead to behave like a perfect gentleman; and how, on the following morning, he made a strictly honourable proposal of marriage, which was not so much accepted as grabbed.

(2) In 'Naughty Cinderella' (also from America) an English novelist, resident in Paris, hires (so he imagines) the temporary companionship of a professional daughter-of-joy (French), in order to distract attention from, and thereby to facilitate, his relations with a married woman. On discovering (a) that she is not really a "bad girl," but a virtuous stenographer, and (b) that her "real self" is entirely different from the vulgar and vicious one he has begun to find so dangerously attractive, he proposes marriage, his proposal is accepted, and the curtain falls.

(3) At the end of 'O.H.M.S.' (which has been withdrawn after a few performances), the Governor of some Southern Pacific islands, having been physically attracted and mentally infuriated by a lady who is pestering him to give her young brother a job, discovers that she is not really the "notorious Lady Paddington" (as rumour, without the slightest reason, had been hinting), but a perfectly respectable, though peculiarly aggravating, widow; he thereupon proposes marriage, the acceptance of which is unequivocally indicated, as the curtain finally descends.

Now, what is "wrong" in each of these dramatic pictures is perfectly obvious to the critical (or grown-up) playgoer. The play in each case ends with a proposal of marriage in circumstances where a proposal of marriage is so exceedingly improbable as to be utterly incredible. I don't propose to argue the improbability of these proposals; I consider it unnecessary to do so. And I can only infer from the fact that Messrs. Sturges, Hopwood and Berkeley have dared to attach such flagrantly factitious endings to their comedies, that in their opinion—and maybe they're right—the intelligence of the ordinary casual theatre-goer, within the walls of a playhouse, whatever it may be outside, is almost infantile.

But apart from their improbability, and assuming

that some sort of arbitrary ending is inevitable, these final paragraphs are censurable as being trite—and therefore dull. Of course if they were logically consequential, or even sentimentally desirable, one could forgive this triteness. But none of these three plays is a romantic story; in none of them does the body of the play throw a matrimonial shadow before it; in none of them is even the most romantic playgoer led to hope that the protagonists will marry and live happy ever after. The author in each case, therefore, has a free choice. And yet neither Mr. Sturges, Mr. Hopwood, nor Mr. Berkeley has been able to imagine anything more entertaining than the dear old "happy ending"!

Which reminds me of a third objection. "Happy" ending! Let me grant once again for the sake of argument that these three "happy endings" are within the bounds of possibility, and also that, in spite of their improbability, they are theatrically the best, or only way of writing "Finis" to these comedies. There is yet one other criticism I would make. These endings are only technically "happy." One doubts whether any of the three proposals will be followed by a marriage ceremony; one is perfectly certain that the marriages, supposing they take place, will be disastrous and exceptionally brief. The endings to these comedies are therefore patently the very opposite of happy. But—and this is the point—we do not (as we do in Mr. Maugham's 'The Circle') get the slightest hint that their authors foresee the inevitable crash. On the contrary, they appear to beam delightfully upon the ghastly situation—like simpletons! And though one might perhaps forgive their ending their plays with a dull and improbable proposal-scene, one is less disposed to condonation when they write them dully and improbably. Moreover, it affects one's judgment of the authors. Of course, they may be hypocrites; but again they may be merely less intelligent than one might otherwise have thought them!

If I have seemed to devote a disproportionately large amount of space to what may be regarded as a comparatively unimportant blemish, it is partly because there is not really very much to say about these latest comedies. 'O.H.M.S.' was too farcical to be interesting, and too slow and heavy to amuse as farce. I fancy it was doomed to failure from the moment Mr. Athole Stewart was appointed to produce it. Mr. Stewart is a highly polished actor and, so far as I can judge, a skilful and intelligent producer; but not where farce is concerned. Apart from Mr. Herbert Lomas, none of the company seemed able to adapt his (or her) personality to suit this type of play.

'Naughty Cinderella' is as vulgar a play as I have seen for years, and may safely be recommended to everyone who finds amusement in the simple humours of the less sophisticated type of musical farce.

'Strictly Dishonourable' is a neat and, on the whole, an entertaining little comedy, but nothing more; I recommend it. It is really a one-act episode, with an introductory prologue and a purely factitious epilogue. Mr. Sturges seems to have had considerable difficulty in padding-out his first act, which is not intrinsically very entertaining. But its picture of a New York speakeasy will probably interest, and possibly surprise, the London playgoer who has never had the misfortune to enter one. (I might supplement the picture with the information that the only alcohol I ever tasted in a New York speakeasy was completely undrinkable!). Moreover, the characters depicted by the author—the Italian manager, the Irish policeman, the tipling sentimentalist Judge Dempsey, the reluctant virgin, and the operatic lady-killer—are none of them as yet so hackneyed in our London theatre as to be devoid of personal interest, even while the play refuses to get started. The company enacting it is talented, and the comedy runs smoothly—as indeed it ought to, seeing that it comes to London after having had between five and six hundred performances in New York in which to settle down!

## THE ART OF MR. LEE-HANKEY

THE exhibition of oil paintings and water-colours by Mr. Lee-Hankey at the Fine Art Society Gallery, Bond Street, concentrates attention on the work of an artist who has pursued a consistent aim towards the expression of atmospheric effects, and particularly sunlight. He has chosen certain subjects, notably scenes in French towns and fishing villages, and has found a method of conveying their character and liveliness which is original to himself.

Mr. Lee-Hankey has spent many years in France, but he has preserved his own personality, and has certainly avoided the powerful French influences in painting which have infected modern artists the world over. Mr. Lee-Hankey's work remains essentially English, as English as some of our best water-colour painters in style and sentiment, and his quiet and poetic vision reveals a fastidious and sympathetic approach either to landscapes or figure subjects.

One of the most beautiful examples in this exhibition is that showing the arrival of the 'Sardine Boats at Douarnenez, Brittany.' We have here the whole story of the arduous and hazardous life of men and women who live on the harvest of the sea, men and women who toil unconscious of their heroism, and unaware of the fact that their movements and clothes are "rich and strange" and full of accidental splendour. But the artist has not, as many painters might have done, exaggerated the sentiment of the scene. He has recorded it with an economy of emotion which tends to heighten the illusion of truth. It is a scheme in black, red and sunlight, but Mr. Lee-Hankey has been careful to place his little group of dark figures perfectly in the picture, giving the necessary contrast to the general brilliance of the whole subject.

A great quality of his work is that he knows exactly when to hold his hand from labouring a scene or a figure out of a spontaneous and direct impression into something tired and lifeless. He has the courage to leave us with such a lyrical statement as the picture of 'Dieppe.' The houses and statue in this picture are painted with that mysterious force and insight which, for the want of a better word, might be called inspiration; but the work is really the result of a mind full of knowledge and a hand replete with technical ability.

When he takes us to the Mediterranean littoral, he shows us the heat of the day shimmering on the dark blue sea in such pictures as 'San Tropez.' There is a view of this southern village which proves to great advantage the artist's handling of a rocky foreground. He has not shirked any difficulty in presenting the right colour and tone of these boulders. Deeply interested in them himself, he compels us to admire the skill with which he has solved no easy problem.

Many visitors to this exhibition will find his large picture, 'Loading Wine at San Tropez,' among the most notable things that Mr. Lee-Hankey has exhibited for some years. The large green sailing ship, typical of this part of the coast, is happily placed against the bright houses of the old town, and all the figures are full of movement and interest. Nor does the artist burden us with unnecessary details, giving us only the facts that are essential to our complete enjoyment of this pleasant scene.

The same qualities of freshness and interesting colour are to be found in Mr. Lee-Hankey's water-colours. He obviously takes care to draw his subject carefully, and then floods it rapidly with simple washes. Among the best of these are the pictures of the 'Quay, San Tropez,' the 'Road Viaduct, Dinan' and the 'Old Bridge, Dinan.'

His study of Mr. Sampson Handley and the one of his wife are good examples of this artist's versatility.

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS  
NEW SERIES—XXIV

A. Preparations are now being made to celebrate the centenary of the Oxford Movement, which was inspired by John Keble, a poet and priest of the Church of England, in the year 1833. Keble was the author of 'The Christian Year,' which has remained for a century a classic of English devotional verse with few competitors and perhaps no real rivals.

In order to mark the anniversary of this revival within the Church, the SATURDAY REVIEW offers a First Prize of Ten Guineas and a Second Prize of Five Guineas for the two best religious poems submitted in the style and manner of 'The Christian Year' on the hundred years of religious effort since Keble delivered the famous sermon on National Apostasy.

(The entries will be judged by an Anglo-Catholic in sympathy with the Movement.)

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. Their poems must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

The SATURDAY REVIEW can accept no responsibility for MSS. lost or destroyed in the post.

The closing date for this competition will be Monday, June 8, and it is hoped to announce the results in July.

B. A gentleman meditates a poem to the lady of his affections. Unfortunately she suffers from a squint; and although this physical peculiarity adds to her attractions in his eyes, it adds also to the difficulty of literary composition. The SATURDAY REVIEW therefore offers a prize of One Guinea for the best sonnet or love-lyric submitted: 'To the Lady with a Squint.'

The closing date for this competition will be Monday, March 30, and the results will be announced in the issue of April 11.

RESULT OF COMPETITION XXIIIB  
JUDGE'S REPORT

The Judge in this competition (an extract from a Government official statement on the disorganization of racing consequent on a newspaper correspondent discovering an infallible system of tipping the winner) found himself unexpectedly faced by a moral problem. (His unflinching rectitude of mind when confronted by an ethical crisis ought, of course, to be suitably remunerated by a grateful editor. But since editors proverbially do not even know what conscience is, the Judge fears that he must content himself with the melancholy satisfaction that virtue is its own reward.)

The moral problem was simply this. Some of the entrants to this competition (notably Bluebird, T. E. Casson, Car Non and Cuniculus) sent in very amusing solutions, and the Judge was strongly tempted to award the two prizes to the best of these, purely on the ground of literary merit. But the competition says distinctly "a Government official statement," and the idea of comedy or farce in an official statement is frankly inconceivable. With a sigh of resignation, therefore, the Judge proceeded to do his duty, and to disqualify these entrants who so mistook the terms of the contract.

Turning from the gay to the grave, W. G. was good, James Hall equally so, and Pibwob better; but the first prize must go to T. E. Olliver, and the second to S. Barrington McClean.

## FIRST PRIZE

"... In view of the disorganization caused by these unprecedented happenings, His Majesty's Government has decided to prohibit from publication, in any way whatsoever, all programmes of racing events, also all predictions and results in connexion



therewith, until such time . . . when betting shall be rendered abortive in consequence of the Formula being made public.

"Furthermore, all totalisator and bookmaker's licences having been suspended, wagers of every description will be deemed illegal; and all persons convicted of winning wagers will be mulcted at the instance of the Commissioners for Absorption of Unearned Increment.

"Further, all those workers who vacated their jobs during the recent Panic are hereby warned respectfully that they are liable to disqualification from Unemployment Insurance Benefit. Such persons are earnestly advised to apply for reinstatement without delay; and employers are asked, in view of the critical position of industry, to treat such applications without prejudice.

"The Infallible Formula for Predicting Racing Results is now in the hands of His Majesty's Government, who will broadcast this at an early date; in addition, the Formula will be posted in all churches, Post Offices, Poor Law Institutions and schools throughout the United Kingdom.

" . . . It is intended to promote a measure for the legalizing of Parochial Lotteries. This will become operative immediately following allocation of the administrative positions by the relief committees attending to the compensation of bookmakers and S.P. agents."

T. E. OLLIVER

## SECOND PRIZE

The present disorganization in the Racing world, consequent on the unfailing forecasts appearing in a morning journal, compels His Majesty's Government to introduce legislation that will put an end to the existing confusion.

A Bill will be brought into the House of Commons, called The Security of Uncertainty in Horse Racing Bill, which will contain measures which, it is hoped, will completely nullify the disturbing forecasts.

Briefly, the provisions of the Bill provide that five Government officials will be present at each race meeting. The names of the first four animals past the winning post in each race shall be placed in a box, sealed, and handed to these officials. One official will break the seal and the other four will each draw the name of a horse. Bookmakers and other betting organizations will then be instructed to pay out in the order in which the horses have been drawn, the fourth horse being, of course, discarded.

These measures introduce once again into Horse racing that element of uncertainty, on which its past success has principally depended, and thus combat the prognostications that have recently demoralized the sport.

S. BARRINGTON MCCLEAN

## RESULTS OF COMPETITION XII

### JUDGE'S AWARD

To test out the limerick as a serious form of verse, the SATURDAY REVIEW offered four prizes, of ten, seven, five and three guineas for the four best—in singles or sets up to five—in serious vein.

The result has been no fewer than fifty separate attempts to lift this incorrigible old vagabond out of the gutter into which he had fallen.

It is no reflection on the ability of the performers that most of the performances failed. The limerick is a difficult verse form: not only is it small in capacity, it is obdurate in shape. Moreover, the jolt and jerk of the rhyme scheme is an enemy to seriousness. One of

the Christian Fathers did indeed make heroic attempt at conversion, as witness this medieval limerick:

Sit vitiorum meorum evacuatio,  
Concupiscentiæ et libidinis exterminatio,  
Charitatis et patientiæ  
Humilitatis et obedientiæ  
Omniumque virtutum augmentatio.

But the convert was too much ingrained in original sin to maintain this mood long, and found the worship of Venus or Priapus much more to its taste. That delightful old eccentric, Edward Lear, started the limerick on that topographical career of exploration, which, with so many surprising and deplorable results, it has been following ever since. This incorrigible bias for low humour was too much for at least one of your competitors, who mercifully concealed his thought in a foreign tongue. As for example:

C'était une jeune fillette de Paris  
Très chic, et bien belle était Marie  
Mais sa jupe est si brève  
Des genoux dont on rêve, etc.

No, this certainly cannot be permitted; Moriendo Vivo's licentious contribution is merely mentioned as a horrid example of the difficulty of rescue-work.

Yet when the original sin is washed and scrubbed out of the limerick, the verse-form is found to have its unsuspected merits. What are the qualities of a good limerick, indecency apart? There must be intense condensation. A triplet of three feet and a couplet of two make altogether so tiny a prison that it is difficult to squeeze the thought into it without mutilation. The idea must not be crushed by the narrowness of the form. Concentration is the first requirement.

Then the handling of the anapaestic metre and the difficult rhyme scheme must be easy. There must be creaking, no forcing: the verse must flow easily, the rhyme must appear to come naturally. I should have liked to have given a prize to Aries for the last of her set of three:

What stranger is this, who must share  
My intimate hope and despair?  
His vigilant eyes  
With contempt and surprise  
From the mirror in front of me stare.

But unfortunately in the two other verses, she comes short of this final and easy felicity.

On the whole, I like best this one by Senex who has the wit to bring the Universe within the narrow confines of the Limerick.

### FIRST PRIZE

There's a sage little fellow named Jeans,  
Who has grasped what the Universe means,  
And reveals from the maze  
Its God to our gaze  
As no longer a God of machines.

But rather, as Plato divined,  
A pure Mathematical Mind,  
And the World he has wrought  
But a framework of Thought  
With nothing substantial behind.

There's nought in the earth or the skies  
That is just what it seems to our eyes;  
And Time too and Space  
Are deposed from their place,  
And matter is Light in disguise.

All things, as Shakespearians know,  
It is thinking that maketh them so;  
And "now" is not here,  
And "here" nowhere near:  
Relativity comes, and they go.

Like a bubble the Universe lies  
 Pois'd empty and lone in the skies;  
 On its rim as we crawl,  
 What is there at all  
 But the Present?—and that is surmise.

SENEX

I put Sylvestius second for a beautiful attempt to  
 press the limerick into divine service.

## SECOND PRIZE

When the tight-folded bud doth unclose,  
 Death is near her, but nothing she knows;  
 For the short hours of light  
 Between dawn and the night  
 Are eternity's self to the rose.

The bird that this rapture doth shower,  
 From the bush by the side of the flower,  
 Doth make in his song  
 Something perfect and strong,  
 Immortality grasped in an hour.

Oh Thou, in Whom Being first stirred  
 The conception of flower and bird,  
 Grant to us to draw breath  
 And to go to our death  
 As simply as they, at Thy Word.

SYLVESTIUS

And the third prize I award to Odda, who has shown  
 that the form has lyrical possibilities and may be used  
 instead of the woeful sonnet to celebrate a worthy love.

## THIRD PRIZE

Do you ask if my lady is fair?  
 I think, when I look on her hair,  
 A god must have spun  
 The gold of the sun  
 As a crown for my darling to wear.

That the radiant lustre that lies  
 In the Mediterranean skies  
 Is gathered from far  
 With allurements to star  
 The miracle born in her eyes.

Ask the rose and the lily, for they  
 Are together conspired to array  
 With the sovereign bloom  
 Spring weaves on his loom  
 My sweet in her morning of May.

ODDA

The fourth prize is earned by Cephas with a con-  
 centration of the calendar into a limerick. True,  
 summer is omitted; but that is as it might be in our  
 climate: a more serious fault is the hobbing effect in the  
 fourth line.

## FOURTH PRIZE

A whisper of Spring in the glen—  
 A carpet of bluebells—and then—  
 A chill in the air—  
 The trees stark and bare—  
 And Winter is with us again.

CEPHAS

There are some others I should like to mention,  
 Turris and Penumbra for example; these and other  
 experiments suggest that the poet might do worse than  
 practise his art in such a strait-jacket as the limerick.  
 Much better to fail in a difficult exercise than the easy  
 success of the vers libres which lead so many moderns  
 to the fatal error that they can write poetry without  
 mastering its technique.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free  
 expression in these columns of genuine opinion on  
 matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsi-  
 bility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner  
 of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the  
 same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

## SAMOA AND NEW ZEALAND

SIR,—I have just read a copy of your report on  
 Mr. Newton Rowe's book 'Samoa Under the Sailing  
 Gods' [SATURDAY REVIEW, Nov. 22, 1930]. It is a  
 relief to all who are interested in the welfare of the  
 people of Western Samoa to find such an influential  
 friend as the SATURDAY REVIEW. We feel that at long  
 last the affairs of the mandated territory are to be  
 allowed to appear under the strong searchlight of  
 honest and disinterested public review.

Much capital has been made by interested parties  
 of the fact that Mr. Rowe is a disgruntled ex-public  
 official, but if he were even an ex-criminal that circum-  
 stance would not alter the truth or otherwise of the  
 facts which he has recorded and which, up to the  
 present, have not been refuted.

As the actual compiler of the letter addressed to the  
 Bishops and Clergy of New Zealand (Appendix XII  
 in Mr. Rowe's book) to which you draw special atten-  
 tion, I should like to say that the letter was drawn  
 up from documents supplied by persons of good  
 repute who were resident in Samoa at the times when  
 these things happened, and who are now here in New  
 Zealand ready to testify on oath as to their truth.

As you say in your review: "Either these things  
 are so or they are not, and, if they are lies, Mr. Rowe  
 has been libelling any Administration under which  
 they could have happened."

When this letter was ready for publication it was  
 thought by the Samoa Defence League that it should  
 bear the signature of an officer of that association. I  
 was not a member, hence the signature of Mr. John  
 Westbrook.

As far back as February 27, 1929, at a public  
 meeting in the Auckland Town Hall at which about  
 2,000 persons were present, including some friends of  
 Sir Geo. Richardson, all these facts were stated from  
 the platform by Mr. Hall Skelton, a well-known  
 Auckland barrister, who at the same time challenged  
 the Government to disprove his statements and take  
 legal action against him if they were able to do so.  
 And although the same statements were repeated over  
 and over again at meetings held in the public streets  
 of the city, no action of any kind was taken, nor was  
 any attempt made to refute his indictment.

Now this is all ancient history, but it is more than  
 significant that, after the cruel murder of Tamasese  
 and nine other Samoans on December 28, 1929, when  
 I rang up a member of Sir Joseph Ward's Cabinet  
 and indignantly demanded to know why the Govern-  
 ment had made no attempt to refute the many charges  
 which I and others had made quite publicly in this  
 city, I was calmly informed that it was because they,  
 the Government, knew they were true.

From the month of June, 1929, up to the time of  
 the death of Sir Joseph Ward, I made repeated  
 appeals to him by letter and through the public Press  
 for an open and unbiased inquiry into the whole  
 question, but received no satisfaction.

(Enclosed under separate cover please find letters  
 and other documents throwing light upon what was  
 being done at this time.)\*

After the dreadful massacre of December 28, 1929,  
 it was, of course, necessary that an inquest should  
 be held. At an inquiry of this nature no restriction

\* These have been received, but their excessive length  
 makes it impossible to publish them.—ED. S.R.



of any kind should have been placed in the way of any witnesses whose evidence was necessary to enable the coroner, who was the Judge of the High Court, to reach a reasonable and proper finding. This did not suit the Administrator, who immediately issued a proclamation declaring the Mau a seditious organization, and flatly refused to allow safe conduct to Mau witnesses, without whose testimony it was impossible for the coroner to find a true verdict. The result of this was that the only findings he could make were on the evidence of those to whose interest it was that a whitewashing verdict should be given.

A careful examination of Mr. Luxford's findings clearly indicates the necessity for selecting as Chief Judges of the High Court of Samoa men whose experience has gone beyond that of a short period as junior country magistrates in New Zealand.

Mr. Luxford's own admission, that the rifle shooting which killed Tamasese was unnecessary, is to my mind very strong evidence of his unfitness to be called upon to adjudicate in the solemn matters of life and death. How is it possible for a man to state from the Bench that an act which involved murder was unnecessary and then proceed to a decision which justified the whole wretched business?

It looks as though the Administrator, backed up by the New Zealand Government, leaves no stone unturned to prevent the truth about Samoa from reaching the public ear. Freedom of speech is entirely suppressed; members of the Mau, which is the official voice of the people, are outlawed; criticism of administrative methods is declared to be seditious and is punished with fine and imprisonment, and threats of cancellation of trading rights coupled with deportation hang like a dark cloud over Samoan native and European settler alike. Every move made by the friends of Samoa to try to right their wrongs is immediately countered by special ordinances and even by Orders-in-Council issued from New Zealand.

If a solicitor is so bold as to appear in the Court to defend a Samoan, his licence to practice his profession in Samoa is at once cancelled by the Administrator, who combines in his own person all the attributes of a despotic emperor.

We, whose homes are in New Zealand, have no desire to discredit this Dominion in the eyes of the civilized world, but we believe that the wrongs inflicted on a weak people are so cruel and outrageous we are in duty bound to let the truth be known in the hope that enlightened public opinion may bring such pressure to bear upon the Government that they will be compelled to face the major issue, which up to the present they have successfully evaded. The childish excuses made by Mr. Ransom and Mr. Cobbe that they do not know what are the grievances of the Samoans is palpably absurd, as those grievances have been stated over and over again, and were further summed up in a document presented to Mr. Cobbe on the occasion of his visit to Samoa. It is now some months since Mr. Cobbe received that document, but up to the present moment he has not thought good to make any reply. The admission of a responsible Minister, which I have already quoted, shows how hopeless it is to expect any measure of relief from men whose sole aim appears to be to save their own faces.

The statement made by Sir Thos. Wilford before the Mandates Committee of the League of Nations that the situation in Western Samoa is improving, is simply not correct. Settlement of the problem is seemingly farther off than ever and the Samoans express nothing but contempt for the past and present administrations.

The result of so much bungling on the part of New Zealand officials has shaken the confidence of the people in that British justice in which, at one time, they so firmly relied and that trust will never be restored until Samoa is brought directly under the

Colonial Office and its administration transferred to the hands of experienced men.

The Mau is still a very live organization, consisting of 95 per cent. of the total population, and is only prevented from displaying its solidarity by repressive orders backed up by ruthless disregard for the rights and liberties of an unarmed and defenceless people. Many have been, and are still being imprisoned on trumped-up charges, while many others are hiding from their tormentors in the bush.

The death of Tamasese and the refusal of the Administrator to allow witnesses required by Mr. Nelson to leave Samoa, made it necessary for him to withdraw his case against the *Herald*. As soon as this was made known, the Administrator, Col. S. S. Allen, at once issued a proclamation, which was scattered all over the island by a naval seaplane, to the effect that Mr. Nelson had deceived the people and had wasted their money. (See copy of proclamation enclosed in separate wrapper.) Had this case been allowed to come into court the real facts of Samoan mismanagement would have been very thoroughly ventilated. This, neither Mr. Allen nor the Government of New Zealand wished for.

Another matter needing searching inquiry is that those responsible for the killing and wounding of so many unarmed people have not been placed on any sort of trial before an impartial tribunal, and, so far as I know, have not been called upon for any explanation beyond that supplied by the person most interested as to why unnecessary rifle fire was turned upon a procession of unarmed and peaceful people.

Some years ago in India General Dyer was court-martialled for giving orders to fire upon an armed and riotous mob. Colonel Allen allows his military police to shoot down, unarmed, peaceful people on a gala day and his barbarity is upheld by the Mandatory Power.

Now, Sir, all these matters have been brought to the notice of the Government again and again, but not one word of explanation or even of direct denial has been given to any one of them.

All that the New Zealand Government has so far done has been to lay the blame for all the troubles of the Samoans upon the shoulders of Mr. Nelson, but so far they have not been able to produce one tittle of evidence in proof of this position. If Mr. Nelson is in any way responsible for the Samoan unrest, it is quite a simple matter for the Government to deal with him. He has been here in New Zealand for three years and can be arrested and brought to trial at any moment.

I have known Mr. Nelson very intimately during the time of his residence in New Zealand and can and do definitely, from my own personal knowledge of him and of the part he has taken, state that so far from in any way contributing to Samoan troubles, he has continually and consistently advised the Samoans not to break the peace.

The position in Western Samoa is most delicate. So far an attitude of passive resistance has been maintained towards certain acts of the military Administrator, but it is impossible for any man to say how long this will last. An outbreak would be deplorable in every way, but even the great influence exercised by Mr. Nelson may have its limits and the patience of the people reach breaking-point.

I am, etc.,

ARTHUR GREENWOOD

(Vicar of St. Alban's; Auckland)

Auckland, N.Z.

+ Received.—Ed. S.R.

Correspondents are asked to type or to write their letters on one side only of the paper. Very heavy pressure on space compels us also to request that they keep their letters as short as possible.

## THE DECLINE OF THE RAILWAYS

SIR,—The present plight of the railway companies, and the congested condition of the roads, have been created by the exorbitantly high levels of railway rates and fares—as a consequence of which traffic is now being carried in thousands of small units running wild about the roads, instead of in great bulk and much more cheaply in a railway train.

Excepting for local traffic, road vehicles should naturally be—as they always were, until recent years—a dearer form of transport. Abroad, railway charges are actually lower than by road, although a certain amount of competition still obtains.

The anomalous conditions which exist in Great Britain date from the time the railways increased the wages of their staff by upwards of 100 per cent. But instead of offsetting this cost by overhauling antiquated and wasteful methods, the easy course was taken of putting a 100 per cent. indiscriminate increase on all rates and fares, with the result that an enormous volume of traffic has been captured by the motor companies, and over £500,000,000 has had to be expended on the roads in the last ten years—equal to half the capital invested in the railways over a period of 100 years!

Branch lines, again—which all used to carry heavy traffics, even fifty years ago—are being closed down (as though they were situated in some vast, semi-developed and sparsely populated country) because of the diversion of traffic to the roads.

The first step that should have been taken—and should now be taken without delay—was to eliminate the prodigious waste that is still being incurred in shunting and train mileage. Private wagons should have been bought at once (the railways obtained a war grant of £60,000,000), and, by building high capacity wagons on a wholesale scale, a further economy of 50 to 75 per cent. would have been made. Freight-train shunting miles—160,000,000 a year—alone would be reduced to 80,000,000 or 40,000,000 by employing 20-ton or 40-ton wagons.

The measurements of these wagons (which are actually in general use on the 3 ft. 6 in. gauge), come within the limitations of our standard gauges, and, consequently—notwithstanding statements that have been made to the contrary—they can at once be used for transporting the enormous quantities of coal, other minerals and heavy goods which are daily exchanged between ships, mills, works, factories and scores of large towns, without any expense being incurred at terminal points, etc.

High-capacity wagons have long been in general use for carrying all classes of traffic in every North and South American, as well as many other countries. Only a couple of years ago two Argentine railway companies also placed orders in England for four thousand 45-ton all-steel ordinary open wagons, and yet hardly one of these wagons have yet been built by the British railways, although—with the exception of the U.S.A. and Germany—they carry a far greater tonnage of nearly every class of traffic than any other railways in the world.

On the Continent a rebate of 30 per cent. is given on 20-ton wagons, and if a similar offer were made to traders in England, they would obviously soon be in very strong demand.

A very high percentage of the present wood-bodied trucks are long overdue to be scrapped, and if they were replaced at the pre-war rate of 50,000 a year by high-capacity trucks, a demand would be made for an additional million tons of steel and seven million tons of coal, iron-ore, etc., and their employment would also result in a heavy reduction in operating expenses and the wages bill, and in railway rates.

I am, etc.,

E. R. B. ROBERTS

St. James's Road, S.W.9

## 'WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE NAVY?'

SIR,—Let us stick to the main argument, which was that the navy is inefficient, and that it did less than it should have done in the Great War.

As to the first part, the writer of your article gives neither proof nor even evidence, and we may well wait for it.

As to the latter, what was expected of the navy in the war? To preserve our trade, to secure our territory, to capture the enemy's trade, and to enable our land and air forces to operate overseas. The navy did preserve our trade, and against the greatest peril that ever beset it—one for which no single cure existed—though, as in previous wars, with great losses. The navy did secure our territory with amazing completeness, so much so that its efforts were not appreciated. It did capture the enemy's trade, and swept up his outer-sea cruisers (except *Dresden*, rendered innocuous), in four months instead of the estimated six. It did enable our other forces to operate overseas with astonishing immunity. I have not the complete figures, but in two years and nine months 5,600,000 crossed the Channel without accident to one man.

The writer of the article describes Jutland as a fiasco. Thanks to its being fought near the enemy's coasts in thick weather and failing light, and the enemy's desperate flight in the darkness, it was a disappointment to every man in the Grand Fleet, above all to the great seaman in command, but we need no more than Admiral Scheer's own admission that he had been too much knocked about (by the Grand Fleet battleships) to be able to continue the action, to decide the matter. Does the public realize that there was only one action at sea between warships in which the Germans did not run away in the first hour? If the British navy failed, why did the German fleet come out in 1918 to be escorted in grim silence to oblivion by the Grand Fleet? Surely this was the most humiliating surrender in history. To what was the frightful condition of Germany in 1918 due? To the British navy, though long hampered by the Foreign Office. It was always puzzling to note that the public, accepting with calm 2,000 army casualties a day, should be so unreasonably exercised when a man-of-war went down.

"For what we have received, thank God and the British Navy." So far this has held true, but in the future the navy will have every imaginable disadvantage in defending our huge trade.

I am, etc.,

GEOFFREY PARRATT

SIR,—Mr. Pollen is under a misapprehension in regarding me as a "Fisherite," for, indeed, I never swam in the "Fishpond."

It appears as if the navy's work in the late war is to be judged solely upon the results, good or bad, of the battle of Jutland, and that all else counts for nothing.

Mr. Pollen accuses me of assertion and denial, but produces no proof. Wherein does he bring proof to guard and substantiate his own assertions? He ignores my suggestion of the historical parallel between the aftermath of Jutland and Trafalgar, and I still claim that the subsequent conditions of naval warfare were extremely alike. He would have your readers believe that the intensive German submarine campaign against our merchant shipping was the direct result of the Jutland "fiasco" instead of being what it was—the last desperate effort of a naval power, which despaired of producing any decisive results with its main fleet. And he proceeds to deduce from this premise that, because Jutland was a fiasco, hence the submarine campaign and hence, also, the unnecessary prolongation of the war by Germany for another two years; ignoring the fact that the submarine campaign did not start until the February following Jutland and did not become intense



until the month of April, 1917, or nearly ten months after Jutland.

I am unable to understand the meaning of Mr. Pollen's paragraph, wherein he states: "Commander Castle . . . tries to persuade us that the surrender of the German Fleet was a fruit of Jutland, and not of Germany's defeat in the field and that this in turn was a result of the 'moral' of Germany's breaking down under the appalling punishment received in that victorious battle." Is Mr. Pollen being "sarcastic like" over Jutland, or is the "victorious battle" meant for the final victory of the Allied armies over the Germans in France and Flanders?

I don't know which of the two Mr. Pollen means, but if he means that the Allied armies conquered the Germans by a victorious battle, I am surprised, for I always understood that the Germans, tiring of a stalemate, folded up their tents and in silence crept away, just as we did at Gallipoli. If those derogators who would belittle the result of Jutland would only be reasonably consistent, then would they ask why did not the Allied armies, having got the Germans on the run, chase after them, smiting them hip and thigh, until not one man remained alive, and have then proceeded to "shoot up" the German civilian population, man, woman and child? That, indeed, would have been a glorious and crushing victory, and worthy of our best military tradition. And why not? If it was expected of the navy, why not the army?

Enough of recriminations. If Mr. Pollen and those who think like him can visualize no more than the success or otherwise of the battle of Jutland, with regard to the work of the navy in the late war, it is useless to argue with them, and but beating the air to try to persuade them to take a broader and more generous view. But I would make this appeal to them, that every word spoken and written in belittlement of the navy is a positive disservice to the safety and honour of the country we all care for.

Whatever happens, as long as England and the British Empire remain what they are, it is to the sea that we must look for prosperity and wealth and to the sea must we look in time of trouble. And upon the navy must we depend as a police force in peace and as a shield and buckler in war. The army can never be more than a second line of defence, whatever it may be in aggression; aeroplanes are but frail and uncertain craft, and poison gas but an ogre to frighten children. Therefore, if we must criticize the navy, let us not do it in a carping and peevish spirit; but rather let us do so in a friendly and constructive manner, building up the weak places and shoring up the strong.

Captain Acworth has pointed the way in no cavilling spirit; but he and others who have the freedom and leisure to write and criticize are now on the shelf, retired and past their prime and so we must look to the young, vigorous and actively serving not only to rejuvenate the navy from within, but also to win back for it that popular esteem and confidence which are its rightful heritage, and which, although now dormant, are yet still deep in the hearts of the British nation.

I am, etc.,

WILLIAM C. CASTLE  
Commander, R.N. (retired)

#### THE ILLUSION OF EDUCATION?

SIR,—I am sorry my reply to Mr. Cousens's letter was written before the publication of Mr. G. S. Mason's letter, but I feel the latter deserves a considered reply.

It is at least a sincere example of the teacher's point of view. It starts off with the usual argument of the biological necessity for early nurture, which presumably no one denies, the point at issue being the elaboration of nurture and dependence, long after the period of physical dependence, into a system, and an organization which places a premium on willing tutelage and adult control, and sacrifices those individuals with the

strongest urge to break those bonds and achieve their own values. The teacher by the very fact of his profession wishes to extend perpetually farther this period of moral, physical and intellectual dependence. Mr. Mason uses the analogy of the rose. What a happy illustration of the teacher's attitude! Too often do they regard the developing child under their care as a potential garden flower, to be carefully sheltered, pruned, staked and watered to produce those few qualities for which the garden rose exists. And so with the child. They endeavour, painstakingly, to foster those qualities and acquirements which will fit the child to a particular culture, and they carefully work out curricula which may meet our existing cultural ideals, and the child has no alternative but to accept what is given or forced on it. They forget that a garden is an artificial creation, and living in an artificial world of ideas and cultural traditions they forget the truer beauty and variety of form of the wild rose, which is more capable of withstanding the elements and more firmly rooted in the earth, drawing its vitality from the depths of its own being, and not from an enforced sojourn in a gardener's greenhouse. The difficulty is that most of us prefer the product of the horticulturist's art to the wilder brethren of nature. Consequently, it is probable that the routine of our school system will continue to become more highly elaborated and extended, rather than the reverse.

Secondly, learning among animals comes from imitation and not from training, except when we as human beings prostitute our animal friends to our desire to produce performing toys. And seeing that the human child is the most imitative and curious of animals, the essential adaptation to existing life will come spontaneously from the child's imitation and emulation of adults. There is no need to add fear and physical or moral compulsion to the process.

Thirdly, the idealization of the team spirit, esprit de corps, group activities, etc., though they may prove admirable instruments in the hands of the teacher to produce the particular results desired, are tremendously dangerous. God knows, the herd impulse and the individual's fear of the group and of differing from the group, is sufficiently great without adding fuel to the fire. If we are to produce a democracy which is something other than a crowd dominated by superficial ideas, catchwords and the paraphernalia of herd psychology, we must start with the young. It would be wiser to encourage rather than discourage the individual who wishes to break away from the group. At present every tendency is in the reverse direction, for the simple reason that the development of group loyalties and group traditions has become a vital part of our educational technique. When, however, Mr. Mason says that "to dissociate the individual from the group is impossible" no one will deny the fact. But he might have added the words "at present in England." The social and economic conditions which have produced the school as the only means of keeping the children off the streets, or from crowded and unhealthy homes, necessarily imply the submergence of the individual in crowded institutions in which very definite discipline and control is necessary in order to make life possible at all. But why make this an educational principle when it is merely the unfortunate result of material and social conditions?

Lastly, why on earth Rousseau's Emile should be hurled at one as an example of freedom and spontaneous development and lack of educational dogma I cannot imagine. Whether from a biological or cultural point of view, Emile's environment was even more unnatural than the slum and the elementary school, or the villa and the public school. God preserve us from the only child, small families, too much adult attention and adult moral bias, whether nature happens to be the God or something else. Could we expect under the circumstances that Emile could be anything but a typical "spoilt child" and a prig? Lastly, no one

who has seen much of the teaching profession could deny that it contains thousands of examples of individual teachers who are devoting their lives to a genuine ideal of social service through education. Such as these have achieved much in ameliorating some of the most obvious evils of the system. But one of the greatest tragedies of life is that of mistaken ideals; sacrifice to a cause which is not worth while. It is usually easier to hitch one's course to a star when young, than to transfer one's allegiance in the light of accumulating experience, especially when the first act of allegiance has forged the first fetters of an economic chain around the free movement of the individual—a chain to which a further link is added with every advancing year. We make the best of the cause we are serving. We dare not pause and ask ourselves sincerely whether the garment we have taken upon ourselves to patch and to repair is really worth our labour or our serious attention. No doubt the school has served a purpose, if only in the by-product of medical supervision, health services, and the protection of the child from economic exploitation, and is still temporarily on the whole probably good. But to hang on to and justify the elaboration of an institution because it has been built up through sacrifice and idealism is surely a most mistaken motive. The educational ideals of the twentieth century may be just as false as those of the nineteenth. The school system is the product of a disease—a perverted economic and social system; and it would be wiser to harness our energies to curing the disease, than to strengthening the products.

I am, etc.,

Heath Common,  
Storrington

J. R. ARMSTRONG

## JOHN CLARE

SIR,—In his interesting article 'The Clare Country' Mr. Kirby quoted the final lines of a poem by John Clare, viz.:

... And, as reward for all my troubles past,  
Find one hope true—to die at home at last.

The last line seemed familiar to me, though I have never read any of Clare's works.

I soon recalled memories of school days and readings from the immortal Oliver Goldsmith, so I turned up his 'Deserted Village' to find what I wanted, as follows:

And, as a hare whom hounds and horn pursue  
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return—and die at home at last.

I wonder if John Clare ever read those lines of Goldsmith which were published in 1770.

Possibly not, yet still I wonder.

I am, etc.,

New Barnet

A. H. ROWLAND

## DEMOCRACY AND EMPIRE

SIR,—According to Mr. Richard Jebb, he who lends to an improvident borrower must take the consequences. But Australia's position is not all due to improvidence. Much is due to the fall in prices, over which, working to the dictates of the Bank of England, she had no control. If she must compound with her creditors, the least painful way to the latter is by way of inflation. It is the best response to the Bank of England in its failure to keep a steady price level.

Australia had no share in that £100,000,000 imposed on India, and is there nothing to be said as to our getting off with 3½ per cent. to the U.S.A. and in no way reducing the interest to Australia, as Mr. Lang points out? I have long held to the opinion that without inflation Britain is doomed. Be that as it may, as we are all more or less debtors as well as creditors, the internal disturbance would be little, whereas it would at once restore our lost export trades by getting down to the levels of China (India goes with us), Japan,

Australia, and the world in general. India will certainly devalue the rupee and properly repudiate that £100,000,000 debt, and what with the extra 5 per cent. customs, where then will Lancashire be? Now is the time to act.

I am, etc.,

A. HENTHORN STOTT

## DANZIG AND THE CORRIDOR

SIR,—With reference to Mr. MacGregor's letter in your last issue, I quite agree that he is not "arguing" with me; he seems, indeed, quite incapable of doing so, as he shows by the manner in which he has drifted away from the original subject of this discussion (Fascist methods of justice) into the Danzig Corridor. As to what he is professing to "tell" me, it is merely that munitions were sent to Poland via Danzig in 1920, which I do not deny. He does not prove that they arrived in Poland. All that I maintain is that the attitude of the Danzigers and their obstructive policy at the time convinced the Poles that they could not count on using Danzig for military transports, and that it was this conviction which first induced them to build Gdynia. I never denied that in 1920 Gdynia was "a collection of huts"; but it is certain that it owed its creation to the fact that, as Mr. MacGregor himself admits, "the Danzig position would not satisfy the Poles," for the reasons I have given. I neither praise nor blame the Danzigers or the Poles; I am merely "telling" him the facts as I learned them from persons who were at the time in the area concerned.

In conclusion, the most interesting thing which Mr. MacGregor has "told" me is that he sees fit to criticize a book on the history of the Bolshevik revolution in Hungary which he admits that he has not read!

I am, etc.,

Regent's Park, N.W.1

LUIGI VILLARI

## CATHOLICS AND INFALLIBILITY

SIR,—I see that Mr. Poynter, disguising himself as a "scientific investigator," returns to the attack on the doctrine of Papal Infallibility.

Faith cannot be investigated scientifically. Science cannot prove or disprove Transubstantiation, Ordination, or anything else that Catholics accept as matters of faith.

If Mr. Poynter will take his tongue out of his cheek and again ask the difference between the Word of God and the Word of Man, let me say this: Priests are forbidden to marry by the Word of Man. The prevention of birth is forbidden by the Word of God. At any time the Pope could give permission for priests to marry. But no Pope will ever permit the use of contraceptives.

How do I know? Faith, such as I believe Mr. Poynter once had.

I am, etc.,

A. P. ANDERSON

North Wembley

SIR,—The Pope is infallible in so much as his teachings rest on the Scriptures (as, for instance, his very infallibility—since Christ made Peter the Rock upon which he built His Church, giving him the Keys of Heaven, and promising to be with him until the end of time). In 1870, the doctrine always held was but defined.

In all else, the Pope and the bishops and the priests are fallible like the rest of humanity, and may err in judgment, as a doctor, or scientist might. But no Pope (even among the bad Popes) has ever erred in the handing down of the doctrine as it was received in the beginning.

I am, etc.,

AN ENGLISH WOMAN IN A CATHOLIC COUNTRY



## NEW NOVELS

BY H. C. HARWOOD

*Judas.* By John Metcalfe. Constable. 7s. 6d.*Stanton.* By Desmond Coke. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.*Surging Tide.* By F. H. Dorset. Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.*The King Comes Back.* By Victor Bridges. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.*Proof Counter Proof.* By E. R. Punshon. Benn. 7s. 6d.*The Four Answers.* By John Cobnor. Cape. 7s. 6d.

TO suggest the sinister it is not necessary to utilize the supernatural. Our Maker knows that we have enough to render us uneasy without hollowing turnips and calling them the heads of ghosts. All about us, within the four walls of a lit and shuttered room, are horrors enough to hand, dreadful diseases, and that most dreadful of all, insanity, along with cruelty, treachery and perverted desires, so that we need not set back shutters and frighten ourselves with the moon's shadows. What has a man in a sinking ship to fear from pirates? And why should a man under sentence of death tremble at the rap of skeleton fingers on his door? More fearful is the prison clock. And we are all under sentence of death; our ships are all sinking. If then we dress up spectres to frighten us, it must be by way of an escape from something of which we are really afraid. We gaze at goblins because the mirror we cannot face. So Mr. Metcalfe, who generally subserves his imagination to the laws of nature, is far more impressive and far less cheerful than half a hundred of your boggy men who call up to your fireside the sheeted dead. He is, moreover, familiar with evil, whom he shows to be the bride of fear, and introduces that dark and loathed companion to his readers. "This is no friend of mine," he appears to say, "but I meet her every morning at the bus stop. Don't you too?" Yes, we too have gone with her up to the city and with her again homeward at night.

The best stories in Mr. Metcalfe's '*Judas*' are '*Judas*' itself and '*Funeral March of a Marionette*,' where the author, without kindness but without disgust, describes nasty little boys. "Judas, most people thought, was an unpleasant child. . . Sometimes, from out of a dead silence and for no cause that could be guessed, he would break suddenly into a hoarse discordant laugh." He betrayed—hence his nickname—his friend, was rewarded with half a crown and spent it on sweets that he was too nauseated to enjoy. At the same time he was an ordinary little boy, and though presented to us initially as a monster, we end by recognizing that any one of us at that age would have behaved in a similar manner. On Alf and little Georgie in the other tale the author flings no judgment at all. They acted atrociously, murderously. No nice children would dress up a dying brother as a guy and perambulate him for pennies through the streets. But one understands how it happened. A new misery has been added to your endurance of the first week of November, but your sensitiveness has been enlarged. In one only of the eight other stories does Mr. Metcalfe fail to bring it off. Evil is deromanticized, but in its mud bath of squalor loses nothing of its strength. With what ironic reticence, yet how completely, is Mrs. Pridden exposed in '*Salvage*.' But '*Mortmain*' in my opinion fails. What began as a study of the survival of a wicked influence ends gustily with turnip heads. The screw was too tightly turned. Hell's brew

has been let boil over. For it is a matter of common observation that so rarely are second husbands pursued by the wraiths of the first's yachts that such misadventures leave our withers unwrung.

To every tough-minded person I unreservedly recommend '*Judas*.' What the author wanted to do he has done in a way of his own that scarcely could be bettered. The sole quarrel I have with him is that his fourth book is not different from his first. It is as good, of course, and we should not complain if he continued for several decades to turn out grim, challenging work of this power and subtlety, but one wonders if he is not exercising in a corner talents that, given a wider field, might develop into what we reviewers call genius.

Something has gone wrong with '*Stanton*.' As a story of school life intended for adults it lacks the humaneness and the humour of Mr. Coke's own quarter century old '*Bending of a Twig*.' As a criticism of the public school system it is inadequate because the machinery is less blamed than the masters who run it, though one should not forget to be grateful for the insistence on the sheer tedium of the conventional routine of organized athletics interrupted by slipshod preparation for exams. And what might have been the dramatic conflict between old and new is blurred by lack of invention; an exchange of pomposity and cheekiness is not sufficiently interesting, without the use of incidents more exciting than the introduction of an alarm clock into a lecturer's desk. The clock as it happened did not buzz. That strikes me as symbolic. '*Stanton*' does not buzz.

The intelligence, however, of anyone interested, as parent or patient, in the great, and minor, public schools cannot but be stirred by '*Stanton*.' Was Arnold right? Or Butler? Or Thring? Of course, Arnold with compulsory games and frequent chapels exercises the predominant influence. The Rugby code is observed by even those schools that play Soccer, and all our school days are Tom Brown's, fighting and fag-roasting excepted. It has still, I think, to be proved that the pre-Arnoldites have anything to offer but rowdiness and indolence. Mr. Coke's '*Beach House*' is described with too slight detail to be offered as an alternative. A lad who did not like cricket might put in a quiet afternoon with his fretwork, one fancies, and services were held not in chapel, but in a classroom. Well . . . an interesting and provocative but tenuous novel. If only Mr. Coke had written on the change over from Butler to Kennedy, or from Moss to his successor, he would have been more confident and more at ease.

Something seems to have gone wrong with '*Surging Tide*,' also, but that is probably due to inexperience. The preliminary blether suggests that a wide sweeping survey of a representative though not eminent Victorian's life is to be attempted, whereas in fact we are given the account of a criminal case, and a rattling good account too. Mr. Dorset has stumbled over the details of procedure. Witnesses for the prosecution are less easily than he imagines recalled as witnesses for the defence. But this is the real thing, imperfect though it be, the product of a finely sensitive imagination.

'*The King Comes Back*' is written by Mr. Victor Bridges, and is just what a Bridges book should be namely fisticuffs and fun, pretty girls, and the best of slush and fodder. In the fourth decade of this century a purist might object to the re-emergence of a young Englishman who is the double of the King of Ruritania—without Rassendyl's excuse. But it does not matter. The quick action, the neat phrases, the sunny cynicism would make memorable even a slighter tale than this.

And may I, rather belatedly, recommend a detective story called '*Proof Counter Proof*.' In addition to its almost mathematical neatness, it introduces in the person of Sergeant Bell one of fiction's most engaging heroes. Very good too is '*The Four Answers*,' a hard nut for the strongest teeth.

## REVIEWS

## THE DECLINE OF AN ART

*The Russian Ballet.* By W. A. Propert. The Bodley Head. 30s.

THE BODLEY HEAD has risen to its rightful place, which was as herald of all that was beautiful in contemporary art movements. When there was a new school of poetry in the old days we looked to the Bodley Head, and now that there has passed in London the most exquisite and fantastic school of dancing that Europe has ever known, it is the Bodley Head which has recorded its history in magnificent print and all the beauty that modern photography can supply. It is easy to become lyrical over a book like this, which must have cost the publishers so much and is offered to the public for so little. But it is a delight amid the surge of sordid and sparkling vulgarity of modern arts, when one feels that the literature one writes and the pictures one admires and the sculpture one fears not to admire are all collapsing backwards into the abyss, out of which the future era, whether a Fascist or a Soviet State, is not likely to restore or revive them, that the decade, which is dead since the war, did yield one superb and perfect gesture in the face of the stereotyped Muses—The Russian Ballet!

Jacques Blanche contributes the foreword in honour of Diaghileff, that brilliant and truly aristocratic artist, who was of Beau Brummell and Ludwig of Bavaria and Sardanapalus and all that small and chosen band, who alone could make this planet interesting to the other planetarians of the Solar system. Happy were the women whom he entertained in his gala days in Paris, and unhappy were the women whom he trained afterwards to fit the iron purpose and æsthetic mould of his Ballet. He was cruel to his ballerinas but he made them dance like the starlight on a frosty night. He was more Oriental than Parisian and he realized that Art is not a matter of leisure and languor but of terrible discipline and of unrelenting and often unrewarded pains. Not for a whim did Lenin recall him to Russia to direct the Fine Arts with probably the refinements of the torture room thrown into the artistic province. But Diaghileff had lost his family in the Russian conflagration and was believed to be of Imperial blood himself. He gave London her Ballet instead and lightened the dead decade after the war by the dazzling splendour of an art which, at performance after performance, touched or hinted the perfection which is occasionally shown to human eyes but as invariably withdrawn.

Mr. Blanche remembers "the real Anglo-French Dieppe" of the 'nineties frequented by Beardsley, Symons, Coquelin, Sarah Bernhardt, Rodin, Conder and Sickert. We can compare that galaxy a little grimly with the unreal Anglo-French Le Touquet of to-day! This young Mæcenæ arrived there from Russia and was thrilled by the Masquerade drawings of Aubrey Beardsley. From that moment his inspiration became fantastic and unorthodox and from that moment his conception of the Ballet was born. This is as interesting as to learn that Isadora Duncan was also an inspiring spirit. Diaghileff wrote in a letter to say that she had given an irreparable shock to the classical ballet of Imperial Russia. One wonders if Isadora had a subtle share in upsetting the Byzantine throne of the Czars?

In any case, Diaghileff was a pioneer, and his sixty Ballets were often experiments, an anxious and daring "exploration of all that unknown country." He found and employed the strangest of painters and designers; he evoked the weird and (to many) unintelligible music and he trained the fantastic dancers. He gave us Serge Lifar and Anton Dolin. All revolved

around his personality. When he died, all died with him. "The English stage pursues its customary way seemingly unconscious that Diaghileff ever existed." But the English stage has no more memory than Albert Hall. His Ballet is now a legend. No manager dares his music and his wonderful curtains are offered to blind caterers of traditional but popular entertainment. The very names around Diaghileff's are like the names in a fairy story. Where, now, is Nijinsky? Where is Lopokhova? Where is Massine? And twenty others whose names were on our lips and whose choreography (this is Volapuk for dancing) was once thrilling London? With the death of their iron-willed master they have all melted away. They were the marionettes of his mind and the puppets of his imagination. They lie like broken dolls about his tomb. Perhaps they never lived except in our dreaming delight.

Diaghileff never feared poverty and ruin, which is liable to be the reward of a particularly brilliant season in London. The unmerited failure which met the 'Sleeping Princess' was largely due to the musical critics in England, who had been stirred by his indiscreet attack on Beethoven in an interview. So his Tchaikovsky was bitterly derided and the most wonderful effort of scenery and dresses ever provided on a Metropolitan stage passed "into the limbo of lost masterpieces." A hundred years hence the historians of Art during the decline of the British Empire will write about such happenings.

This is not the place to raise the foolish question of where does dancing stop and acrobatics begin? Where does astronomy stop and mathematics begin? Where does war stop and murder begin? To all these profound questions there is no answer. The Russian Ballet had to be judged by the artistic eye and not by the standards of the gymnasium. What we have to realize is that something very beautiful appeared in our time that we generally neglected, and often misjudged, and that now we have only these photographs, which remind one of the drawings of beautiful and extinct birds and butterflies known to our fathers and grandfathers. It is curious that with all our sports and athletic training we can produce nothing for posterity so beautiful as the entry of Lifar in 'The Cat' or Alice Nikitina in 'Apollo Musagetes.' It will always be wonderful to study some of these groups and imagine the gestures and sensations of the bodiless in another, and it is to be hoped more artistic, world.

SHANE LESLIE

## THE MOVING EAST

*Conflict: Angora to Afghanistan.* By Rosita Forbes. Cassell. 15s.

HERE is a personal, first-hand account of conditions in the Near East by a writer who has a peculiar understanding of what may be called the Muslim mentality, and a gift for friendly intercourse with peoples to whom all Christians are as a rule suspect. It is indeed remarkable that a culture in which the subordination and seclusion of women is so pronounced should from time to time have revealed itself to our countrywomen with a thoroughness rarely permitted to their menfolk, and that from the time of Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu onwards many of our most intimate studies of Hither Asia have been given us by women. Miss Forbes's present book has values which travel books, however entertaining, so often lack, and those who have to deal officially or commercially with Turk, Syrian, Arab, Persian or Afghan will find in her detailed review of their latter-day outlook much that it behoves them to know. In the foreword which he contributes to the book, Sir Percy Sykes gives us a brief summary of the direct



effects and secondary repercussions of the Great War upon conditions in Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan, and so provides Miss Forbes's narrative of her 8,000-mile journey through those countries with just the political background it needs.

Excellent is the swift, vivid description of the new Turkey of Mustapha Kemal with which the narrative opens. The new Angora appears before us with its banks, schools, ministries and barracks, its hotels, theatre, cinema and printing presses. "I saw," writes Miss Forbes, "no mosques in modern Angora." But for all this feverish modernity and the unveiled emancipated women, it would seem that the old Turk has not been exorcized. The relations between the sexes even in the more sophisticated circles are not as Western as superficially they may appear, while in the country the old housewife still welcomes her husband's last young wife as a valuable assistant in the drudgery of life. Nevertheless, enfeebled commercially as the Turk may have been by the elimination of the Greek and Armenian population, and conservative as may be the basic population, youth will be served, and long though the leaven of Westernization may take to work, Anatolia is unlikely to return to the somnolence from which the Ghazi has awakened it. It is the same when we turn to the exiled Druses in Wadi Sirham and the record of Miss Forbes's talk with Sultan el Atrash, their leader, points again the moral of the little leaven. These men are irreconcilable; Arabia is one and the Arab is its rightful owner. "What link is there between you and the cosmopolitan Christians of the coasts?" asked Miss Forbes. "We are all Arabs," came the reply, and then a little later, "we all send our sons to be educated in Europe and America . . . soon we shall all think the same thoughts." And it is a Druse who is speaking.

Here a reckless springing forward towards Western thought and there a recoil as bitter as in Afghanistan, but everywhere the leaven is working. Look at the portraits Miss Forbes gives us. The Shah of Persia, obviously to the eye here is a French general; the King of Iraq equally obviously a cultured English official, Governor of a great Province. Those who think there is nothing in costume and carriage will find that their error is great; ideas are expressed in many ways, and a living idea will destroy the most massive of dead cultures. In the chapter dealing with Persia Miss Forbes gives us a series of stories gathered at first hand from refugees from Soviet Russia, which demonstrate again how hard is life and how ruthless government, under enforced communism.

If one stresses the politico-international aspects of the conditions Miss Forbes reveals, it is because of their importance at the moment, when the whole East is in ferment, and long static civilizations are moving from age-old anchorages no one knows whither. Those, however, who seek only entertainment will find Miss Forbes's narrative lively and interesting, and to be read for its own sake no less than for its wider implications. The book is well and fully illustrated.

### THE ELUSIVE SHERIDAN

*Sheridan: A Ghost Story.* By E. M. Butler. Constable. 15s.

IN this fascinating study of Sheridan which Miss Butler has built up by a method of her own, she indulges in a stray hit at some of the fashionable biographies of the day when she speaks of "the romance biography" by which we are now "unfortunately" dazzled. Yet in the second part of her book, in which she brings to quivering life "the vulnerable, unstable, brilliant genius," she displays not a little of the art which captivates us in the work of Mr. Strachey and M. Maurois, and that is high praise. The chief differ-

ence in her plan is shown in the first part of the book, which is devoted to a surprising and witty analysis of the previous biographies or studies of Sheridan, most of which are in hopeless contradiction, and might well have destroyed the floating image, or ghost, of him that none the less does persist in the public mind.

This first part should bear something of the same relation to the whole that Meredith's prefixed essay on 'Diaries and Diarists' bears to 'Diana of the Crossways.' But it is just a little too long, though again it is high praise to say that the greater part of this unusual introduction is illuminating; only towards the end does it drag. What a mess of it poor Sheridan's biographers made—Watkins, the Octogenarian, Tom Moore, Smyth, Mrs. Oliphant, Percy Fitzgerald. The best of them, Fraser Rae and Sichel, were faulty, the first being counsel for the defence briefed to uphold the honour of the family, and the second much too ponderous. The Sheridan papers are still withheld, though they were shown to Moore, Rae and Sichel; his speeches were scarcely ever reported; his witticisms were lost or mangled; his letters were generally concerned with his desperate insolvency; his compeers were often suspicious or malicious, so that biographers "embark upon a game of blind-man's buff in a room crowded with obstacles, and haunted by a changeling sprite." "The real Sheridan has disappeared for ever," said the first Lord Dufferin.

In the second part of this book a figure emerges of so convincing a quality as to falsify this saying. I am not sure that the man who confronts us, or, rather, who is always rushing away from us, is quite the character on which Miss Butler philosophizes. I fancy a great deal more of achievement must be granted him in that public life to which for thirty years he devoted his talents than she is willing to admit. But she has given the facts as well as her interpretations, and all can judge for themselves. The wit and the eloquence have vanished like smoke, but for different reasons. There is scarcely a wit of the past whose sayings do not strike us as unworthy of his reputation, because wit is always evanescent, depending on the occasion, and the element of surprise. But we have lost the eloquence in Sheridan's speeches by an accident, because the Parliamentary reporters of those days were beneath contempt as reporters, with no shorthand worth the name. The same fate would have overtaken Burke had he not published his speeches.

However, here is the man, with shining eyes, gay, restless, nervous, electrifying, who stormed his way into a marriage in quite the Meredithian vein, who stormed the stronghold of Society, who subjugated London and the provinces by his admirable comedies, who succeeded Garrick in the management of Drury Lane Theatre, and then embraced the Parliamentary career, arousing enthusiasm by his speeches, crossing swords with the redoubtable Pitt, holding several times minor office, and becoming through his long devotion to an unworthy Prince a power behind the Throne. And here is the other side, the divorce from his art—no more comedies for the stage—his endless shifts in trying to combine business management (for which he was unfitted) with the public life. We see him perennially dunned by tradesmen and bailiffs; eluding them to snatch every passing satisfaction from balls, and routs and drinking parties; wheedling his way with friends and enemies, and then finally plunging into alcoholism. Pitt and Fox drank; Sheridan took to drink, which is a different matter.

Did he forsake his art, he who as a young man of six and twenty already had no rival as a dramatic writer, forsake it, lured by vanity to the wider stage of Parliament, hoping there to win an even greater meed of adulation? Or was it that he was written out when at twenty-eight he produced 'The Critic,' and finding he had exhausted this vein, sought to give another ambition its turn? Could he, as Miss Butler appears to think, have added more masterpieces to the stage

if he had eschewed the public life? It must remain a speculation. In the dismal quality of his belated 'Pizarro' there is proof of the decay of his art. He continued to display the temperament of an artist, but achievement was lacking.

What a physique the man must have had, often on the go four and twenty hours. Nervous, but with a steel spring. During the last period of his life he was "never sober for a moment," said Lady Bessborough, and others write of his habit of daily intoxication. He was 65 when he died, and then had known the threadbare coat, and the sponging house. Charming and brilliant, he could not live with dignity, but even in drink he could fire and blaze away "like an inexhaustible battery."

A. P. NICHOLSON

## RETURN OF TWO POETS

*Selected Poems of Coventry Patmore.* Edited with an Introduction by Derek Patmore. Phoenix Library. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

TEN years ago and one month more, to speak with affectionate precision, a study of the content of Coventry Patmore's poetry and prose was published in the hope of attracting fresh readers to a body of beautiful and often profound work undervalued by those who knew the poet chiefly as an eccentric thinker—did he not prophesy Prohibition in the 'eighties?—who dismissed his once popular epic on the domestic affections as an outmoded example of Victorianism, and who recoiled, puzzled, from the Alpine altitude of his later mystical odes. While everything needs must help, and Mr. F. Page, the collector of Patmore's uncollected prose, has the place of honour, Patmore had only to wait in order to be rediscovered, and I take it to be a fortunate token of the passage of time that, after an interval of ten years, instead of intruding with my own criticism, I have to welcome the happy selection that Mr. Derek Patmore, the great-grandson of Coventry, has made for the Phoenix Library. The younger generation might not choose precisely as did we now tottering on the brink of dissolution, but it is the choice of the younger that matters now, since they are the heirs and the conservators of poetry in the 'thirties. It is their turn, now, to bestow or to withhold the laurel; and, returning fresh to this poetry (which has never been far from my mind, but not often, in bulk, on my knee), I must applaud a choice that seems to me both just and tactful. None who is not charmed by this volume will ever be charmed by Patmore; few who encounter its spell will not be admirers till their death. Mr. Patmore shows tact in his choice, discretion in his Introduction. Since the Introduction will carry us beyond it, let us glance at his selection first.

He begins with 'The Unknown Eros,' as he is fully entitled to do. In poetry, the best is often the best beginning, and the form no less than the substance of Patmore's odes stands apart in English poetry. The writer of these odes, "content to ask unlikely gifts in vain," made a couple of books of them under their common title, and Mr. Patmore takes his examples whence he will, as a series of independent poems. Out of the forty-three odes he gives us thirty-two: the *Psyche* poems, the political invective, the lovely natural poems (such as 'Wind and Wave,' so much admired by the late Laureate) are represented, before we reach the Preludes that hang, lamp-like, before the cantos of 'The Angel' itself. With more than enough to show how this irregular iambic metre (which I often wonder that no poet has used for a lyrical drama, so apt is it, among other things, for vivid dialogue) contains thoughts and words that "twinkle like Sirius on a frosty night," any omission is compensated by two previously unpublished little pieces to Alicia (Meynell), and by extracts from one of hers and from one of Pater's

and one of Emerson's letters. The Introduction, too, is a biographical vignette containing more than one touch that seems new and, by its whole handling, lifts, for the first time, a corner of the curtain behind which the poet's private life was passed. Mr. Patmore is a writer of promise, and, since there is room for a fresh biography—for Mr. F. Page appears to be content with editing his unrivalled textual researches, while Mr. Shane Leslie is understood to be occupied with a *varium* edition of 'The Angel in the House'—I boldly suggest another task for him. All the Patmore children who wrote, wrote well, and there is the Patmorean fastidious grace in their latest representative. The point of departure in his Introduction is the friendship of Patmore with the once unknown but now rising star of Gerard Manley Hopkins.

While everyone recalls the advice (which, when it involved an act of literary arson, Patmore was always ready to take) that led the poet to burn his prose treatise 'Sponsa Dei,' it has required the publication, first in 1918 and again last autumn, of Hopkins's own marvellous poems and of Hopkins's 'Life' to show how closely these two poets became, for a while, allied to each other. I have been reading Fr. G. F. Lahey's admirable sketch of Hopkins's life (lately published by Humphrey Milford) and there this friendship fills the better part of two chapters, and it shows Patmore as much bewildered by the superb technical audacities of Hopkins as most of Patmore's own readers were by the subject and the treatment of his Odes. No book of poetry that I have ever read produced such an effect of convincing originality as did Hopkins's 'Poems' on me when Robert Bridges issued them thirteen years ago. Hopkins died unpublished in 1889, and, beside his experiments in metre and language (for which no easy models can be found), the most up-to-date of our young experimenters cuts a very little figure. By comparison, they trifle on the surface where Hopkins strikes a secret spring, and the uprush of tremendous beauty takes away one's breath as if one had, indeed, been drenched by a sudden, secret fountain. He, too, requires a "consummate scholarship" for full appreciation, and all one can say here, as his best critics have agreed from the first, is that he has opened a source and provided a treasury for beauties in poetry of which hitherto hardly anyone had dreamed. For the sterile poet and the jaded reader Hopkins is an elixir, a galactagogue. In the belief that one poet must lead his readers to the other, I have coupled them here. Hopkins is becoming famous in the best way, quietly but surely; yet it is not too late to add one word to the news. This had best take the form of a quotation: from 'Pied Beauty' which Fr. Lahey well calls a "perfect symbol" of Hopkins's verse:

Glory be to God for dappled things—

For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;  
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;  
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;  
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;  
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)  
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;  
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:  
Praise him.

Nor is his poetry all. I have a letter of his, half of which has not been published. It is on the art of prose. It expands the thought that he put into a published letter to Patmore: "The finest prose style is, in English at least, rarer, I should say, than the finest poetical." Hopkins was a great poet, a no less great critic. To miss him is to miss the latest wonderful force that has entered English letters: one of a pair of highly original friends. The two poets have returned in company, and which, in the end, will lean least upon the other is a question that would carry one far.

OSBERT BURDETT



## MR. NICHOLS SEES LIFE

*Women and Children Last.* By Beverley Nichols.  
Cape. 7s. 6d.

IT is a comfort to see that Mr. Beverley Nichols is becoming more mature, and maturity is bringing a certain wistful quality into his work, which we must not confuse with sentiment. He has divided his book into three parts, and put the best work into the first. It is disappointing, from our point of view, that the rest of the book should not live up to the provocative prologue, but every now and then Mr. Nichols does remember his métier and forget his wistfulness, and then he indulges in sarcastic little jibes which show us that his knowledge and experience of women and their ways are not as vast as he would have us believe. Mr. Nichols's particular fulminations, as indeed we should all know by now, are directed against women and their machinations, and a sexless visitor from another world, having read the book, might very well imagine that women have few virtues, some vices, and much stupidity. Without arguing this matter overmuch, there are just two of the proverbs which Mr. Nichols despises that he should think over: "Nothing succeeds like success" and "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." He cannot deny that women are the more successful sex in obtaining exactly what they want, in which case a cry for their reform—but what would Mr. Nichols have to write about if women suddenly became perfect?—is not likely to be welcomed with enthusiasm. Of course, this is possibly because not all men are like Mr. Nichols.

If, like Wilde, he is to be taken as in any way symbolic of his age and time, then we cannot be accused of lacking in earnestness. In fact, Mr. Nichols is a very earnest person indeed, and his earnestness does not stop short at schoolboys' O.T.C. camps, proverbs, and a rather peculiar ability always shown by chorus girls; all and sundry come in for a share of his earnestness. Perhaps these things really are important to him, and they certainly make very pleasant and easy reading, for Mr. Nichols is a journalist to his finger tips. But why must he expect to stir up a storm of controversy just because he dislikes women who say "Mahvlz," because he doesn't like the way in which a mother speaks to her child, and because he thinks proverbs are "poisonous"?

The "more or less fiction chapters" are by far the best in this book, and it is unfortunate for Mr. Nichols that he should live at the same time as Mr. Coward, who does all these things so well by contrast, for while Mr. Coward is a creative genius, not obsessed by a craving to change women's natures until they very nearly resemble those of the other sex, Mr. Nichols is merely a destructive journalist with strange indignations and a facile pen.

## THE VIKINGS

*A History of the Vikings.* By A. F. Kendrick.  
Methuen. 16s.

*The Viking Age.* By K. Olrick. Kegan Paul.  
10s. 6d.

PERHAPS some future Gibbon or Froude may be moved to write the gigantic epic of the northern sea-raiders in the two and a half centuries of their expansion, but until that happens we cannot conceive a better or more complete history of the Vikings than Mr. Kendrick has given us. He warns us that his fellow-antiquarians are day by day overturning received opinions, but in its broad outlines the story he has to tell is firmly established. It is a thrilling one: "The Norwegians created and owned towns in Ireland and possessed themselves of most of the Scottish islands;

they colonized the Faroes, Iceland, and Greenland; they discovered America; at home they made themselves into a Christian nation united under one king. The Danes extended their authority over Frisia and won all England for their keeping; like the Norwegians they also had towns in Ireland and like them they too became a single Christian kingdom. In France a rich and pleasant colony was won from the Western Empire by Danish and Norwegian vikings. In the east the Swedes took large tracts of the East Baltic lands, they became lords of the Dnieper basin and founded the Russian State, they dared even to assail Constantinople and made commercial treaties with the Emperors of the Greeks."

On this canvas Mr. Kendrick builds up his picture of the Vikings, first their art (to show the foreign influences on them), their social condition, their arms. He next traces their origin in the Stone Age, their prosperity in Bronze Age times, their decadence in the early Iron Age, owing to the Celtic invasion of Central Europe cutting off their trade, and its re-establishment in Roman times. He next passes to the coming of the North Germans across Europe and to the birth of the Viking nations, and closes the first section of his book with their history up to the time of the Black Death. With an illuminating note on their commercial conquest by the Hanseatic League, resulting in the destruction of Scandinavian shipping and commerce, the almost complete ruin of Iceland, and the abandonment to its fate of the colony in Greenland.

The second and longer portion of the work deals with the Vikings Abroad in eleven sections. Of these the chapters on Russia and the East, and on Greenland and America will probably arouse the most interest. Mr. Kendrick shows that long before the story of Nestor begins, Swedish Vikings had conquered the lands round the Vistula and founded a colony on Lake Ladoga. The interruptions to the river-trade route from the Baltic

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By G. B. HARRISON Illustrated 24s. net

*Times*: "It is rich miscellany, like its predecessor, and one of the strong points about it is the attention which is paid to the drama and literature; . . . Unquestionably this is one of the best ways in which the literary background of Shakespeare's activities can be built up."

## SHERIDAN: A GHOST STORY

By E. M. BUTLER  
author of *The Tempestuous Prince*. 15s. net

Miss Butler has hitherto devoted her extraordinary and rather disconcerting talent for biography and analytical history to themes either abstruse or comparatively little known. It was necessary for her to tackle some such universal figure as Richard Brinsley Sheridan in order to challenge appreciation from the reading public as a whole.

Constable

to the Black Sea forced them to adventure, and as armed merchants at first they reached Constantinople to come later as raiders—though unsuccessful. Other bands sailed down the Volga to the Caspian. These, however, achieved no lasting result, but the first comers founded the State of Russia. The story of Greenland and the discovery of America is less novel perhaps, but it is very clearly told. The volume is well illustrated with plates and maps. There is an excellent index and good bibliographies—in fact a perfect *apparatus criticus*.

Mr. Olrick's work is a very good supplement to Mr. Kendrick. It deals with the artistic and literary elements of Viking civilization, using the name in the widest sense. It lays emphasis, among other things, on the influence of Irish motives in northern literature, and displays the Viking as a peaceful agriculturist and merchant at the times when he was not a murderous ruffian or a conquering hero.

Looking back over the whole story of the barbarian incursions on Western Europe, one is forced to wonder whether the actual damage, taking it all round, was anything like so severe as the chronicles seem to state. After all, these barbarian invaders, these Vikings, did not bring enough food with them to subsist on and in the latter case to return to their homes, and if they lived on the soil, they had to spare the cultivators and their livelihood. They did plunder stored-up wealth, that of the clergy and of the landholders, but when we read that in ten years they burned down a monastery eight or nine times, we know that the damage done was not crushing, and if manuscripts were burned or destroyed, it was most often because the flying monks regarded other things as more precious. After all, a monk interested in learning was always *rara avis in terra*—one in a monastery was above the average.

ROBERT STEELE

### A LIFE OF JESUS

*The Historic Jesus.* By James Mackinnon. Longmans. 16s.

THERE is undoubtedly at present a considerable demand for historical truth about Jesus; in fact the demand far exceeds the supply. The trouble is that the people who set out to write Lives of Jesus are generally either clerics or literary men. The latter, having established their reputations in the field of fiction or of belles-lettres, are either too imaginative or too self-conscious to be accurate historians. The former labour under a still greater disadvantage; they are under an obligation not to disturb traditional sentiments.

The volume before us, though it is rather too long (407 pages) to commend itself to the non-leisured reader, is an honest and able attempt to reach the facts, so far as they can be known, about the Jesus of history. The way to go to work is quite simple. Take St. Mark's Gospel, which all scholars agree to be the earliest, and, with the aid of the marginal references, compare each passage as you go along with the corresponding, or parallel, passages in the other gospels in turn. The student will be richly repaid in results, and he will have the satisfaction of ferreting out the historical truth for himself.

Two things puzzle the modern amateur historical student of the Gospels most—miracles, and the constantly recurring phrase "Kingdom of Heaven" or "of God." The miracles become a lesser difficulty as you discover how a later writer, e.g., St. Matthew, by a few deft touches, enhances the wonders recorded by an earlier writer, e.g., St. Mark; and how St. John transforms them almost out of recognition. But the conception "Kingdom of God," though it was the immediate

"coming" of this Kingdom that Jesus came to announce, seems to elude comprehension.

Now it is just here that Dr. Mackinnon's work seems most remarkable, for here he differs from a good many writers of "liberal" lives of Jesus. He, of course, takes the attitude about miracles that you are forced to take if you study the records as you would study any other records, say those of the life of St. Francis of Assisi. But where the "Kingdom of God" is concerned, he takes a line of his own. He does not yield to the temptation to seek for some interpretation which will fit in with our modern notions about the permanence of the world. Though he does not go all the way with Schweitzer and the extreme "apocalyptic" school, he definitely rejects the view of "liberal" writers like Harnack, who would tend to equate it with an inner religious experience, an esoteric doctrine about the nearness and intimacy of the divine life.

Thus Dr. Mackinnon does not make the mistake of trying to give us a twentieth-century Jesus, in preference to one who belongs to His own time. In other words, he gives us, or seeks to give us, a real Jesus, and not a lay figure dressed out in the intellectual habiliments of the nineteenth or twentieth century. And a Jesus who belongs to his own time is likely to be a Jesus for all time. For a real figure can always be translated into terms of another age, and so into terms of any age, whereas a figment can only be of temporary use, since after a while people see that it is a figment and pass it by.

We may be very grateful to Dr. Mackinnon for his able and honest book.

J. C. HARDWICK

### SOUL AND CONSCIENCE

*Prometheus and Epimetheus.* By Carl Spitteler. Translated by J. F. Muirhead. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

THIS book was written fifty years ago, and was the first epic of the German-Swiss poet to attract any attention. It has been well translated and there are many fine passages of prose-poetry. Still, one cannot help feeling that, had Spitteler not won the Nobel Prize in 1919 for his 'Olympian Spring,' this work would have remained untranslated and obscure.

The story is written symbolically and tells of the two brothers Prometheus, representing the typical Introvert, and Epimetheus, the typical Extravert. Prometheus is offered the Kingship of Mortals if he will exchange his Soul for a Conscience. His Soul is the Personal Inspiration, which he feels should always be his true guide. The Conscience represents the conventional guide, which he feels may serve him for ordinary decisions, but will fail him if it is faced with any unprecedented situation. Consequently he refuses, and the Angel of God goes to Epimetheus, who accepts.

Prometheus retires miserably into himself—alone. Epimetheus starts his rule well, but gradually fails owing to his lack of Soul. For instance, in the section entitled 'Pandora'—which is the best example of the prose-poem—he does not recognize the value or the beauty of Pandora's treasure, to which he is led by his peasants.

We are taken through many sinister happenings during his rule, which ends in disaster. It might well be a symbolic prophesy of the recent world troubles. Prometheus remains true to his Soul and his solitude, but there is a final reconciliation between the two brothers. The moral appears to be that neither is complete alone: the ideal ruler would combine the best qualities of both.

The story is too fantastic. But to prove that Spitteler can write, and that his translator has done well for him, I will end by quoting one of the finer passages:



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### A MODEL OF CANOVA

*Pauline, Favourite Sister of Napoleon.* By W. A. Chattin Carlton. Thornton Butterworth. 15s.

IT is curious that we should have had to wait so long for the first English biography of Napoleon's favourite sister. Her life surpassed the wildest dreams of romance. She was the most beautiful woman of her time and surely the wildest. She was one of the rare people who could flout Napoleon's orders with impunity because he knew she would never fail him in a real crisis, and because often he could not resist her. She is a fascinating biographical subject, and Mr. Carlton has made good use of his opportunity and his materials.

Pauline was as much a genius in her way as Napoleon in his. She received no education. She went to no finishing school, and yet within a few years she rose from a penniless Corsican *gamine* to a leader of beauty and fashion from whom "no secrets were hid." Where could a husband for such a woman be found? The two she married, Leclerc and Prince Borghese, were her inferiors, at least as regards personality, and though one may pity them in their vain efforts to control a whirlwind, life is not all roses for a woman whose beauty is so supreme that even rivals of her own sex unite in a chorus of praise.

The only outstandingly mean episode in Pauline's life was her vendetta-like hatred of Josephine. Here she was the implacable cat, though Josephine could on occasion return scratch for scratch, as when she received Pauline, splendid in a new green gown, in a room specially and secretly decorated in blue!

Pauline was capricious, she was vain, she was both extravagant and mean. She was maddeningly changeable. She was ingenious to a degree in the art of diplomatic illness. She was not immoral but frankly amoral.

But unlike the rest of the Bonapartes, she never asked Napoleon for money or position. She alone offered him practical help when he was in difficulties. She alone did not deny him before Elba but followed him into exile though she was really ill at the time. She alone of the family worked sincerely and intelligently for his release from St. Helena and for the relief of his physical and mental sufferings. Only Pauline pleaded for permission to be with him, though the voyage would probably have killed her. She rose with his triumphant fortunes, but she was no less magnificent in his fall. She was nobly courageous and as inevitably born to greatness as the Emperor himself. "Pauline, alone of the family, sensed the real greatness of her brother, and it was from her deep and abiding love for him that her intuitive belief in his genius was born. For this, much should surely be forgiven the one whom many delight to call 'the prettiest, giddiest and wickedest of the Bonapartes.'" She did not long survive Napoleon, and died with a mirror in her hand, facing old man death with perhaps confidence in the beauty which had never yet failed her.

The book is very readable and well-balanced. The glamour and the tragedy, the beauty and the humour that surrounded Pauline and were part of her nature are dramatically but logically portrayed, and throw an exceedingly interesting and important sidelight on one of the greatest personalities in history.

M. SCOTT JOHNSTON

### MANY ADVENTURES

*Chorus to Adventurers.* By Roger Pocock. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

CAPTAIN POCOCK, who told the story of his early life in his book 'A Frontiersman' thirty years ago, belongs to the Elizabethan Age. He has travelled far since then. Frontiersmen are a race apart, especially in these prosaic days when ignorant people imagine that what they call "the standard of living" depends on money, and luxury, and ease, instead of on the way of life. With him through these pages sail, ride, or march a score and more of adventurers besides the thousands like them, unnamed heroes who lived for the joy of adventurous living and died in their country's service. The author is not merely Chorus or chronicler of these brave men, but adventurer as well; one of those unknown to, and not understood by, those soft people of all classes who stay at home and have little or no conception of the love of the country and love of adventure which inspired the enterprising, sometimes reckless spirits of the Legion of Frontiersmen.

The fact that out of a roll of 17,000 Frontiersmen 6,000 gave their lives in the war is sufficient epitaph for a noble band of men. Of these Captain Pocock is a type. He relates here the story of the inception of the Legion; of the vicissitudes it underwent; the services it performed and the difficulties it encountered and overcame from its beginning in 1905, when soldiers, sailors, cowboys and others met in a small room on a top floor in Adelphi, until it obtained official recognition a year later after a period of suppression. Pocock then resumed his position as Commissioner with only 23 men; the first 2,000 had vanished. In the Legion we meet with many gallant souls such as F. C. Selous, Evelyn French, Randle Cecil, and others whose names should not be forgotten.

But the author's personal adventurous enterprises are perhaps even more interesting than those connected with the Legion. We may pass over his experiences of the war as private, captain of artillery, officer of a Labour Corps, and in other capacities, for they are those of millions, though not without their special features. But surely no Frontiersman has ever been more versatile! Everywhere alike in many lands we find him (*mens aequa in arduis*) as labourer in many fields, painter, missionary, mounted policeman, sailor, cowboy, explorer, miner, writer of novels and other books, and philosopher. After the war his active spirit could brook no quietude; he is off deep-sea fishing with trawlers and line-fishers; to Hollywood; to Spitzbergen as cook with the Oxford University Expedition, being, so he says, not learned enough to go in any other capacity; but we fancy he knew as much about it as any of them; and on a cruise in connexion with a world aerial flight which failed through no fault of his.

At last this bold mariner on the sea of life has found a haven of rest and has settled down as one of the old men at the Charterhouse, to ponder over the ways of men, to dream of the past, to write this book, and to explore realms of thought and find peace in what he calls "the wonderland of the mind." Peace he has surely found, for he has read deeply not only in printed books but in the Book of Nature; in mountain and desert, in the storm and the waves, in the great spaces of the earth, in the infinite azure of the heavens by day, and in the stars that march through the field of night.

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Eliot carried throughout his life an ugly and unconcealable birthmark on his face, and since such a disfigurement singles out its bearer for the undisguised curiosity of the ill-mannered we get here and there indications of how a certain sensitiveness as to the impression that he was making tended to render him reserved. But, as his chronicler makes clear, Eliot had too much character to be all diffidence in this respect. From his own experience of such needs he learned to extend towards others a judicious and practical sympathy when the occasion warranted and so forestalled any barriers of misunderstanding that might otherwise have arisen. How differently all this would have been treated in the fashionably fictionized style of biography, giving the would-be novelist such scope for exercising her romantic pity.

A sympathetic and yet critical biographer, Mr. James makes the significant observation that Charles W. Eliot's great gift was for organization rather than for original research. Such a demarcation of interests was a measure of his limitations in general:

It may be doubted whether he ever browsed for the love of literature alone, or to satisfy a speculative interest. He had a thirst for usable knowledge and read in a practical way to find this or that. In short, he used books rather than loved them, sought and absorbed what he wanted, and skipped the rest.

Of the positive quality of his criticism directed against the limited scope of education provided at Harvard, before he became President, we may gain some inkling in the quotation from a letter to a friend in 1856:

The headquarters of Conservatism are in the Colleges and other Institutions for teaching. . . . I think less and less of theories in education or politics or science. They were meant to simplify knowledge, not complicate, to facilitate, not impede progress. A man builds a theory like a wall round a few facts, and generally he walls himself in. Luckily men can't fence in the Ocean of Truth—the beach is all covered with stone walls now. It is a great struggle to resign a theory once adopted. If Calvin went to hell, it was undoubtedly one of his principal troubles there to find that it was not paved with infants' bones. If he went to heaven he must have missed very much the enjoyment he expected to derive from the torment of the damned.

His father's loss of fortune in an unexpected business reverse made Charles W. Eliot's choice of a vocation a matter of livelihood also. Disappointed in his expectations of a professorial chair, after some years of teaching he came to Europe to see what a change of climate might do for his wife's impaired health and incidentally profited enormously from his observation

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Mrs. Akeley records only his last and fatal expedition to Africa in 1926, on which she accompanied him for the first time. (He himself has told of his earlier adventures in his book 'In Brightest Africa.') The company landed at Mombasa in January with two main purposes in view, firstly to collect in the Kenya and Tanganyika territories further specimens of giraffe, gazelle, buffalo, wild dog, lion, and so on, for the African Hall of the American Natural History Museum in New York, and secondly to visit at the invitation of the Belgian Government the Parc National Albert in order to study there the home life of the mountain gorilla. The first part of the programme Akeley carried out successfully despite an attack of fever, and Mrs. Akeley's detailed account of the day-by-day activities cannot but interest all who care to read either of the people or of the animals of the districts concerned, though the tale of the decimation of the latter makes sad reading. She also abundantly reveals his methods. Unfortunately the party had no sooner crossed Uganda

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and come into the "gorilla's paradise" of Mount Mikeno in the Belgian Congo than the fever unexpectedly returned, and in a few hours Akeley was dead. His wife pluckily carried on his work, and her chapters on the gorilla are far from being the least interesting in a well written and profusely illustrated volume.

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## ECONOMICS AND YOUTH

*Youth and Power.* By C. R. Fay. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

THE title of Professor Fay's work is very misleading. The book consists of a series of essays, but why they should be grouped together under the title 'Youth and Power' it is impossible to say. All that there is of "youth" is contained in the opening chapter—a short one of rather less than sixteen pages. The remainder of the volume is an analysis of some economic problems confronting Great Britain, Canada and the United States. Moreover, this initial confusion unfortunately characterizes much of the writing in the early essays. However, whatever defects there may be in style, the matter is fundamentally excellent.

In the short—all too short—opening chapter on 'The Outlook of Youth,' Professor Fay is kindly disposed towards the younger generation. He quotes a remark made to him by Professor Lowes Dickinson: "I find the young men of to-day clever and cultured, but disgusted with enthusiasms and critical of persons

and things," and he goes on to consider the reasons for this attitude, and how far it is a constant feature of youth. On the whole, Professor Fay finds that the young men "work harder, and care less, than we did a generation ago."

The writer is at his best in Chapter IV, a carefully reasoned and thoughtful essay dealing with problems of consumption, machinery and employment. He is convinced that in respect of cultivation of the home market, and the institution of liberal relations between employers and employed, British industry has little to learn from either Canada or the U.S.A. But he deplores the tendency of industrialists in this country to limit production, and his last word to them would seem to be: Produce more rather than less and sell it better; let the current rate of wages be the untouchable thing, and learn how to pay it by the persistent introduction of modern technique. As regards unemployment, Professor Fay is skilful in analysing causes, but he is too sound an economist to offer panaceas. But there is one vital factor in relation to this problem to which he devotes but scant attention, i.e., the over-population of the world generally, and of this country in particular. This is to be regretted; his views would have been interesting. With emigration and Empire settlement, the writer deals very fully, but, as Professor E. W. MacBride pointed out in a recent number of the SATURDAY REVIEW, emigration now provides an insufficient outlet for our surplus population, and other methods must be sought.

Professor Fay has written a stimulating book and it deserves to be widely read. But it will probably appeal to the student of economics rather than the general reader.

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*Latin Writers of the Fifth Century.* By E. S. Duckett. New York: Holt. 8s.

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*Two Centuries of Family History: A Study in Social Development.* By Gladys Scott Thomson. Longmans. 18s.

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quoted the arrested tendencies (expectations) may and often do give rise to the wildest conjectures and the most violent emotions of fear or anger. M. Paulhan, of course, goes far beyond such elementary effective phenomena, and the laws he formulates are such that they take into their ken the most complicated and abstruse tendencies and emotions.

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6. This breed of hens I've heard hen-breeders praise.
7. Mad, furious—like our Bedlamites of old.
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9. Armed with a lance he rides, the foe to slay.
10. From cloak heraldic poet clip away.
11. My back is naked, and the slightest touch,  
Believe me, friends, would shock you very much.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 466

T	threefol	D <sup>1</sup>	1 A threefold cord is not quickly broken.
sH		In <sup>2</sup>	Eccles. iv, 12.
E	pi	Gram	2 "O'Brien, who knew the tender part
Y	ankee-doodl	E	of a black, saluted Massa Johnson with
C	arnivorou	S	a kick on the shins which would have
O	bjec	T	broken my leg. He roared with pain,
cU		ff	and recoiled two or three paces."
L	ass	O	'Peter Simple,' ch. xxxi.
D	ogge	D	3 Be not righteous over much; neither
N	ight-bir	D	make thyself over wise: why shouldst
O	verwis	E <sup>3</sup>	thou destroy thyself?
T	rickste	R	Eccl. vii, 16.

ACROSTIC No. 466.—The winner is "Boskerris," Mr. G. E. Matheson, Boskerris Vean, Carbis Bay, Cornwall, who has selected as his prize 'The Suffragette Movement,' by Sylvia Pankhurst, published by Longmans and reviewed in our columns by Renee Haynes on March 7. Nineteen competitors chose 'The Life of the Empress Eugenie,' six 'The Story of Surnames,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Ali, Boote, Clam, Fossil, Martha, N. O. Sellam, F. M. Petty, Rho Kappa, Sisyphus, H. M. Vaughan.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Charles G. Box, Bertram R. Carter, J. Chambers, Maud Crowther, D. L., Gean, T. Hartland, Iago, Lilian, Met, St. Ives, C. J. Warden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Carlton, Miss Carter, Farsdon, M. Lole, Madge, M. Milne, Lady Mottram, Peter. All others more.

Light one baffled 13 solvers; Lights 4 and 6, 9; Lights 11 and 12, 3; Lights 2 and 10, 1.

ACROSTIC No. 464.—Correct: R. Tullis, Junr.

ACROSTIC No. 465.—Two Lights wrong: Tyro.

RESULT OF OUR THIRTY-FOURTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The winner is "Sisyphus," Mr. Andrew Ken, 28 Bishopsgate, E.C., who is requested to choose a book, value not exceeding Two Guineas, from those reviewed in our columns during the last three months. Sisyphus scored 152 out of a possible 153; Clam 151; N. O. Sellam 150; Boskerris 149; Carlton 148; Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Madge, Martha and St. Ives 147.

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## CROSS WORD PUZZLE—XX

"HIDDEN QUOTATION"

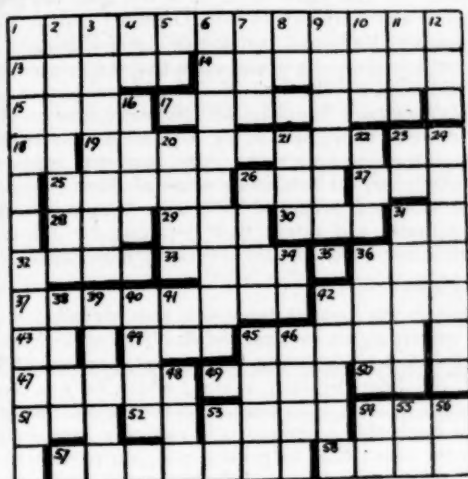
BY MOPO

A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor. Solutions must reach us not later than Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.

The following numbers form a quotation from a Victorian poetess, viz.:

16, 3, 22, 1a, 46,  
16, 52 rev., 35, 19, 17, 31d, 53a,  
48 rev., 24, 58, 21, 47, 57, 27, 42a.

The clues to some of these words are missing.



QUOTATION AND REFERENCE.

Across.

CLUES.

1. "O, 'tis a fault too too —! Off with the crown."
13. Raise.
14. A "noble" metal discovered in 1803.
15. Strip.
17. It was into this of the air that Kyrat leaped.
18. See 43.
19. If you had "not a mind" it might still be "in the ascendant."
23. See 31a.
25. Raises but loiters.
26. Give me your ear and I will dry up.
27. Me ship is used for carrying off cattle.
28. See 36d.
29. Arithmetical progression with a common difference of twenty, the sum of which is 210.
30. My skin is a close woven woollen cloth.
31. I and 23a make a 36a and 44.
32. "Thy company, which — was irksome to me, I will endure."
- 33 rev. "And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were —."
35. See 9.
36. I and 44 make a 31a and 23a.
37. "With love's light wings did I — these walls."
42. I and a yard are shy.
43. A gardener's basket after 18 reversed.
44. See 36a.
45. Two-year-old salmon.
- 49 and 54. Wheeze.
50. Stuff me with 7 to make iron baskets.
51. See 39.

52. Same as 8.

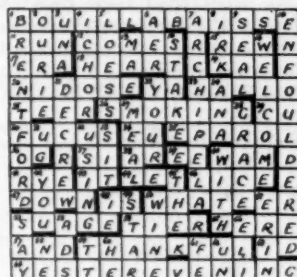
53. This is how the North Gate's master sang, but less than he drank.

57. Judging from the knocking the porter must have been this when he pretended to be porter of hell-gate.

Down.

1. Presumably Falstaff would have rendered a reason in this manner as he refused in the other.
2. The rein is not at all disarranged.
3. Cade suggested to the peasants that they would be hanged with these about their necks.
4. See 5.
5. Wand of authority after 4 reversed.
6. The replies of Polonius and the King to the suit of Laertes were this.
7. Cast an eye on 50.
8. See 9.
9. I make a calabash-tree with 8 and 35.
10. Island in the St. Lawrence River.
11. Sift.
12. See 34.
16. "What a name! Was it — or praise? Speech half-asleep or song half-awake?"
20. See 53d.
23. I make a court with 41.
24. A basket may be rendered less strong by the addition of 5 reversed.
26. See 45d.
34. You will make me a cause to blush if you add 12 reversed.
36. A geological period before 28.
38. This wind has twined about till it has become equal.
39. Generally sounded by bugles before 51.
40. Face of a hammer like a turnip upside down.
41. See 23d.
42. The junior clerk served these "with a smile so bland."
45. To add 26d reversed will distort me.
53. It will encourage me if you give me 20.
- 54 and 55. Saddle.
- 56 rev. and 55. Medical man who is disliked without apparent cause.

## SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XVIII



## QUOTATION.

"Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;  
And sit you down and say your grace  
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is  
Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse."  
W. M. Thackeray, 'Ballad of Bouillabaisse'

## NOTES.

Across.

1. Anagram.
11. Runlet.
12. 'Lycidas,' line 75.
15. 'Faerie Queene,' I, I, LI.
22. Y(ug)ja, (Hindu).
26. 'Alice in Wonderland,' ch. 4.
29. Cubit.
34. Eutaxy.
35. Anag. of parole (par).
38. AREAR.
40. Mawmet.
43. Item.
46. Exodus, viii, 16, etc.
50. Anagram.
59. Anag.
64. Anag.

Down.

1. Thackeray, 'King of Brentford.'
2. Burns, 'Winter Night.'
3. 'Faerie Queene,' Book I.
4. Thackeray, 'Friar's Song.'
5. i.e. "soles."
7. Anag. & Archipela go.
8. i.e., part of "kirk."
9. Scott's 'Antiquary,' ch. 30.
16. 'Hamlet,' II, 2, line 388.
21. i.e., "rew," to repent, at end.
24. Anathema.
32. III 'Henry VI,' IV, 1.
33. Sithe = time.
48. Eine = eyes.
58. I Samuel, iv, 21.
59. Sine.
59. T(e)t(e).
61. F(un)est.

## RESULT OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XVIII

The winner is Mr. Greville E. Matheson, Boskerris Vean, Carbis Bay, Cornwall, who has chosen for his prize 'The Story of Surnames,' by W. D. Boqman. (Routledge, 7s. 6d.)

## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

ON March 25 the Stock Exchange year ends, and in accordance with old-established custom a new Committee is elected. This year the new Committee will, with one or two alterations, be the same as that functioning in the year now terminating. Nevertheless, the moment appears an opportune one to ventilate again the question of Stock Exchange reforms.

Since its establishment in its present building in 1802 up till recent years, the Stock Exchange Committee had apparently adopted the attitude that their rules and regulations must be framed purely for their own members. During recent years, however, it would appear that this body has taken a broader view of its functions, and has realized that as a public institution it also has a very serious duty to perform as regards the general body of investors, who look to the Stock Exchange as a medium for purchasing stocks and shares. The ill-fated boom of 1928 disclosed many directions in which Stock Exchange regulations needed tightening up, and, despite the difficulty of their task, the Stock Exchange Committee have during the past twelve months instituted reforms which should go some way in protecting the public.

The recent failure of the largest firm of outside stockbrokers emphasizes another direction in which Stock Exchange reform appears to be urgently needed. At present, members of the Stock Exchange are not allowed to advertise, neither are they allowed to circularize investors other than their own clients. As a corollary, there are a very large number of investors throughout the country who do not know a stockbroker and who are thus forced into the arms of circularizing outside firms, which, in many cases, leads to serious disaster.

While it is appreciated that the question bristles with difficulties, it is felt that the Stock Exchange should adopt a broader policy in this direction. Admittedly, at present they insert notices in selected newspapers to the effect that their members are not allowed to advertise, but, even here, they appear to select only those newspapers whose readers are likely to know this fact, while they ignore those journals likely to be read by the very people who need instruction in this direction. There can be little doubt that the volume of business directly transacted with the Stock Exchange would be enormously increased if the names of stockbrokers were known to the public. It is to be hoped that the Committee will reconsider this question with a view to present-day requirements.

Another direction in which Stock Exchange reform appears to be urgently needed is that of commission charges. At present these are too high. The reason for this is not difficult to find. Stockbrokers refund half of their commission to far too many people, with the result that, although the scale of commissions is high, the remuneration which reaches the stockbroker himself is merely adequate for the services he renders. If the Stock Exchange Committee passed drastic regulations forbidding this wholesale refunding of commission, it would be possible to reduce the existing scale very materially without stockbrokers suffering, while the public would be receiving as adequate a service as they do at present at much lower cost.

There is still one more direction in which reform can be suggested. In far too many cases shareholders are left from one year to the next with no official news as to the progress the companies, in which they are shareholders, and so partners, are making. As permission to deal in the shares has to be obtained from the Stock Exchange Committee, it would be perfectly simple for this body to rule that no shares could be dealt in unless, in addition to the annual report, shareholders received something in the nature of a progress report, either quarterly or half-yearly. Admittedly, this is a revolutionary change to suggest. At the same time, it would eliminate an enormous amount of uncertainty, curtail undesirable rigging of shares, and place shareholders generally in a safer position—surely sufficient reason to warrant the Stock Exchange Committee taking the action suggested.

### ARGENTINE RAILS

That the interim dividends of the Argentine Railways would be disappointing was a foregone conclusion, in view of the bad period through which that country has passed. At the same time, it is felt that the present price of the majority of the Ordinary stocks of the Argentine Railway companies over-discounts the present position. It would seem that it is reasonable to assume that by the end of the present year a much more favourable showing will be made, particularly if the recent improvement in the Argentine peso continues.

In these circumstances, the moment appears an opportune one to lock away some of these counters by those who are prepared to ignore temporary market fluctuations, and retain their interests for the capital appreciation which should eventually materialize.

### VICKERS

Despite the general depression that prevailed in 1930, it is gratifying to see that the directors of Vickers Ltd. felt justified in declaring their usual dividend of 8 per cent. on their Ordinary shares, which have a nominal value of 6s. 8d. It may be remembered that a few years back this company was radically reconstructed, with the result that its present position appears to be a particularly sound one. It is suggested that holders of Vickers' Ordinary shares should retain their interest for that capital appreciation which should materialize when general conditions are more favourable.

Meanwhile, those seeking a fixed interest bearing investment should not overlook the fact that the capital of Vickers includes 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of a nominal value of £1 each, tax free up to 6s. in the pound, which constitute an attractive investment for mixing purposes.

### WHITWORTH & MITCHELL

The capital of Whitworth & Mitchell, dress fabrics and shirtings manufacturers, includes 500,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each. These shares can now be acquired in the neighbourhood of their nominal value, and, in their class, appear to constitute a promising investment. The 500,000 Ordinary shares which rank behind them received dividends of 22 per cent. for the year ended June 30, 1930, while for the current year they have already received their usual interim dividend of 7½ per cent. That the directors of Whitworth & Mitchell adopted a conservative policy in declaring their last year's dividend is indicated by the fact that earnings were over 37 per cent. on their Ordinary share capital, which enhances the position of the Preference shares to which attention is being drawn.

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